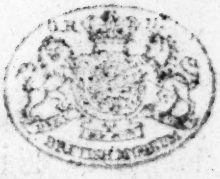
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POEMS
written by
SHAKESPEAR.



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THE

LIFE

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

BIOGRAPHICAL curioſity is a juſt and generous tribute to the memory of perſons who have eminently diſtinguiſhed themſelves in life; nor is this curioſity merely a compliment to the objects commemorated; the poſſeſſor, who properly gratifies it, will find himſelf profited in one of the moſt important points of human knowledge; that is, the knowledge of ourſelves: a point ſeldom attended to, though of the utmoſt moral and ſocial conſequence.

Pedigree is a circumſtance frequently oſtentatiouſly and fillily ſet forth. *Prior's* excellent Epitaph, wherein he ſtiles himſelf a ſon of *Adam* and of *Eve*, moſt pointedly ſets aſide this chimerical importance: Mr. *Foote*, in his *Author*, gives a full and laughable idea of enthuſiaſtic genealo-

giſts; where he makes *Cadwallader* ſay to young *Cape*,—

"*Your* family!—I don't believe you ever had a grandfather."

Merit is by no means hereditary; and though it may be ſome credit to a man that his parents have made a reſpectable figure in life; yet if he eſſentially differs from them in conduct, of what conſequence is it to ſociety, that the root may be good, if the ſtem ariſing from it is of a uſeleſs and corrupt nature. From theſe ſhort, but concluſive conſiderations, we are bold to ſay, the herald's office is the office of folly, over the gate of which, as a creſt, or a coat of arms, ſhould be placed a cap and bells, ſuitably adorned.

Having thus far endeavoured to ſet aſide *family* importance, we familiarly introduce WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, as the ſon of a woolſtapler, born at *Stratford upon Avon*, *Warwickſhire*, in the month of *April*, 1564. The father had a large family—for ten children may well be deemed ſuch; *William*, though eldeſt, had little education, and was chiefly trained to his father's buſineſs. What knowledge of Latin he had was acquired at a free ſchool *. It may not be improper here

* We cannot avoid giving warm approbation to inſtitutions which extend education; yet at the ſame time we think many of them are moſt ſlothfully conducted; and judge them to be too generally abuſed by the admiſſion of children whoſe parents can well

here to obſerve, that though ſome reſpectable Authors appear to lament his narrow progreſs in the dead languages; yet we are hardy enough to contend, that if he had been more claſſical, he would have been leſs ſtriking; if more correct, leſs animated; and if more uniform, leſs replete. To compare him to the buckram of ſome more modern authors, who have learning without genius; is exactly like bringing the noble, natural, variegated glow of a ſtately wood; (perhaps ſomewhat incumbered with bruſh and brambles) in contraſt with the finical foppery of yew trees and box, cut into appearances which nature never deſigned, and ſuch as true taſte muſt ſhudder at.

By marriage, at ſo early a period as ſeventeen, with the daughter of one *Hathaway*, a reſpectable yeoman, our Author took on him the cares of the world; and ſeems to have deſigned an early ſettlement in life; but an accident, not of a very reſpectable nature in the opinion of narrow minded perſons, removed him from *Warwickſhire*; namely, deer-ſtealing in the park of Sir *Thomas Lucy*; which, however, we are induced to believe proceeded more from youthful frolic, than depravation of principle; and this we are the rather

well afford to pay for them; beſides, it is almoſt an invariable rule, that ſuch being able to make preſents to the maſter, claim all his attention, while the heirs of poverty are too often neglected.

confirmed in, by finding no ſubſequent accuſation againſt his character.

* Proſecution drove him to *London*, where, for the advantage of mankind, and the honour of his country, he formed and obtained a connection with the Theatre, both as Author and Actor; in the former view, his eminence ſtands undiſputed; in the latter, we have very unſatisfactory accounts; ſuch as, the Ghoſt in *Hamlet* having been his principal character; a reaſon why he was moſt diſtinguiſhed in that part, has been advanced in the DRAMATIC CENSOR, and we think it concluſive; namely, that as a ſupernatural being, he pronounced the ſpeeches pompouſly; but in other characters attending to nature, he deviated from the turgid mode of expreſſion of his fellow comedians; and therefore was little eſteemed †.

Bring a ſenſible, moderate, logical preacher into a methodiſt chapel, and obſerve how the audience there will ſpeak of him: The caſe is nearly parallel.

* We look upon Sir *Thomas Lucy*'s unremitting proſecution of a perſon, who certainly did not wear a bad character, as a proof that the Baronet poſſeſſed a temper malevolent and iraſcible.

† It is not improbable to ſuppoſe, that *Shakeſpeare* meant to allude to this unnatural bombaſt mode of acting in his days, when he makes his *Hamlet* ſay, "O it tears me to the ſoul to ſee a periwig-"pated fellow tear a paſſion to rags, to very tatters," &c. &c.

Though

Though it is of very little importance to know what children he had, unleſs one like himſelf had ſprung up; yet we ſhall not ſo far leave the beaten track of biography, as to omit that he had three daughters; two of whom lived to be married, yet though they had iſſue, they left no further continuation of the family.

As an Author, no man has been more complimented, no man more abuſed; in the latter reſpect, we mean by multiplied and unworthy editions of his works, moſt of which were mere jobs. We ſhall not point out at large the commentators, who, in our idea, come within this view; but we may ſafely aſſert that ſome of the moſt celebrated writers within the laſt fifty years, have been mutilators of *Shakeſpeare*; he has been almoſt as much traded upon, and as vilely interpreted as the Bible.

Theobald, in our opinion, is the only ingenious liberal Critic: He evidently wiſhed to do the Author juſtice; and though he often went conjecturally too far, yet in the main, he illuſtrated *Shakeſpeare* better than any other commentator; neither the laborious Biſhop of *Gloſter*, nor the tremendous Dr. *Johnſon* excepted; both of whom evidently ſerved themſelves much more than they did the ſubject of their prodigious productions.

The obſervations of *Pope* and *Rowe* are a diſgrace to the great abilities of thoſe able authors,

and place them in the contemptible light of book-ſellers tools, who march forth to paſs an edition upon public curioſity or credulity, at any rate, through the ſanction of great names.

It was the good fortune of *Shakeſpeare*, from a low ſtation in the theatre to attract, by irreſiſtable merit, the favourable notice of that diſcerning Princeſs, who then ſat on the *Engliſh* throne *; with ſo much glory to herſelf, and ſuch peculiar advantage to her people; her approbation of *Falſtaff*, in the firſt and ſecond parts of *Henry the Fourth*, procured him the honour and advantage of his Sovereign's commands, or rather requeſt, to produce the fat knight a third time. This was rather a heavy taſk to perform adequately; however, his *Merry Wives of Windſor* ſhew he was equal to the undertaking: From *Juſtice Shallow*, a caricature portrait of Sir *Thomas Lucy*, we find our Author had a permanent principle of reſentment, ſo far as the uſe of his pen went.

It is a ſtrong mark of Queen *Elizabeth*'s maſculine character, that ſhe ſhould fall in love with *Falſtaff*, who ſince her time has ſcarce had a female admirer.

* There is nothing can reflect greater credit upon a monarch than to encourage all uſeful degrees of genius, but particularly that which relates to letters; a want of taſte to reliſh, and liberality to reward this, throws a dark ſhade over the ſplendor of a crown.

In

In the *Midſummer Night's Dream* he pays his royal patroneſs a great and elegant compliment, where he ſtiles her "a fair veſtal throned in the "Weſt *." Mr. *Rowe* thinks, and we think with him, that *Falſtaff* was an ill-choſen name for his facetious poltroon, as there was in the reigns of *Henry* the Fifth and Sixth a Sir *John Falſtaff*, knight of the garter, and a military commander of merit.

The Earl of *Southampton* ſhewed ſeveral marks of favour to our Author, but one ſingular ſtroke of beneficence, no leſs than a thouſand pounds † at one donation: Had it been allowable for *Shakeſpeare* to have handled the Earl of *Eſſex*'s unhappy cataſtrophe, there is no doubt Lord *Southampton*'s liberality would have been elegantly remembered.

The time of his quitting the ſtage is as dubious as the time of his going on it; it is alſo a matter of great doubt which of his plays was written firſt, a point however not very material. However, one very agreeable circumſtance, to a generous mind, we are authentically acquainted with,

* Another great tribute to his royal patroneſs is paid in the prediction of *Cranmer* in his *Henry* VIII. at the concluſion of the play.

† A thouſand pounds! what a bounty at any time, but eſpecially if we conſider the value of money at that period. We have few inſtances of literary merit being noted in this age, much leſs rewarded.

namely, that the common calamitous attendant upon great genius, Poverty, did not hang heavy on *his* latter days.

From all we can trace, his life, from the commencement of manhood, was a calm, uniform ſcene of exiſtence; not perturbed with violent paſſions, nor marked with uncommon events; not clouded with adverſity, nor tempted by the deluſive glare of dangerous proſperity; for proſperity may undoubtedly be termed dangerous when it ſhines on us with meridian beams.

As to his character, it muſt be fiſhed out of his writings; from whence, though abundant outlines offer, it is very critical to aſcertain a ſtrict likeneſs *. Some years before his death (which happened in the year 1616, and the 53d year of his age) he ſpent in comfortable retirement amidſt reſpectable ſelect acquaintance, who admired his talents, and acknowledged his amiable qualifications as a companion.

In *Stratford* church, where his remains lie, is a monument, on which is this Latin epitaph:

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mœret, Olympus habet.

* A man who knows when he has enough, and with that competence prudently retires from buſtling life, proves himſelf a real philoſopher, and in his retreat gives us pleaſing ideas of a temporal elyſium.

On the grave-ſtone appears the following inſcription, which we deem a very ſtrange one:

Good friend, for Jeſus' ſake forbear
To dig the duſt incloſed here:
Bleſt be the man who ſpares theſe ſtones,
And curſt be he that moves my bones!

Public gratitude, upon repreſentation of his own *Julius Cæſar*, complimented his valuable memory with means to erect an exceeding well-imagined monument in *Weſtminſter* Abbey, upon which we find that celebrated inſcription taken from the *Tempeſt*, "The cloud-capt towers, &c." an inſcription the moſt fanciful, philoſophical, and comprehenſive for the occaſion that ever penplaced upon paper, or inſtrument graved in ſtone: it ſeems almoſt providentially ſuggeſted for the very purpoſe whereto it has been ſo ſolemnly and ſo judiciouſly applied.

One ſingular point of this great man's character we are clear in, that is, his unparalleled neglect of the correction and publication of his works; theſe matters ſeem to have been of no conſequence in his judgment, which, however, has been a literary misfortune to his multitudinous admirers, even in the unparental ſtate, the offſpring of his brain were thrown into public view: however the ſame point evidently proves he was a moſt ſpontaneous author, and deſpiſed,

perhaps too much, all mechaniſm in literary compoſition.

Mr. *Pope*, having given the moſt reſpectable general idea of our Author's talents, we ſhall, with occaſional remarks, trace his account: he obſerves, "If ever any Author deſerved the name "of an *original*, it was *Shakeſpeare*: *Homer* him-"ſelf drew not his art ſo immediately from the "fountains of nature: it proceeded through "*Ægyptian* ſtrainers and channels; and came to "him not without ſome tincture of the learn-"ing, or ſome caſt of the models of thoſe before "him." By the by, our *Britiſh Homer* has treſpaſſed on the *Grecian* by poſitive aſſertion, without offering proof; we admire *Shakeſpeare* as much as he could do, but would not urge a partial and prejudicial compariſon againſt the capital merits of antiquity. *Shakeſpeare* was not without *ſome* learning, all the ſubjects of his dramas are taken from hiſtory or romance, and his knowledge of character evidently aroſe from obſervation of mankind; therefore his merit, like *Homer*'s, muſt come from ſome tincture of the learning, or ſome caſt of the models before him.

That he has given ſtrong marks of originality to his ſupernatural beings, is true: but this does not entitle him to the preference here contended againſt. It muſt indeed be admitted that his

poetry

poetry ſeems to convey a ſtrong idea of inſpiration, and that he is more an inſtrument than an imitator of nature. "It is not ſo juſt," continues Mr. *Pope*, "to ſay that he ſpeaks from "her, as that ſhe ſpeaks through him. His "characters are ſo much nature herſelf, that it "is a ſort of injury to call them by ſo diſtant a "name as copies of her; the characters of other "writers have a conſtant ſimilarity, which is a "ſtrong preſumptive proof they borrow from "one another, and are but multipliers of the "ſame images ‡."

The power of this incomparable dramatiſt over the paſſions has been, and is, both felt and acknowledged by all perſons, of even common ſenſation, who have heard his pieces well performed, or even read them attentively; he never attempts rage, grief, love, jealouſy, patriotiſm, terror, or pleaſantry, but he works the maſter ſtrings of ſympathetic feeling in each degree. But did *Shakeſpeare*'s power ſtop here? By no means; he is equally great in calm, philoſophical, argumentative reflection; in alluſions and deſcriptions; in choice of materials for his great purpoſes; and,

‡ This poſition, though right in nine caſes out of ten, has ſome indubitable exceptions: a very particular inſtance we have lately ſeen. Two muſical pieces, by different perſons, were ſent to a compoſer, who found a ſong of ten lines the ſame verbatim, ſave three words, in each; and the authors did not know one another, nor had ever ſeen the pieces.

in general, working them up to the greateſt advantage. Mr. *Pope* expreſſes great ſurprize at ſuch talents in a man of no education, that is, of trifling inſtruction; but we muſt obſerve that learning, though it aſſiſts, never creates genius.

We have had of late years an author *totally* illiterate who conceived noble ideas; had a natural and very pleaſing flow of verſification, apt alluſions, with bold imagery, &c. We mean *Henry Jones*, author of the *Earl of Eſſex*; who, without any advantage from books or company (for he did not much admire the beſt ſort of either) amidſt diſſipation and drunkenneſs, with conſequent poverty; was, to the laſt, when ſober, capable of expreſſing himſelf both on paper and in converſation more nervouſly, more fancifully, and more correctly, than nine tenths of ſuch as are termed learned men.

This inſtance proves that *Shakeſpeare*'s ſhare of learning was ſufficient to unfold his genius and diſplay his natural talents in the cleareſt and moſt ſplendid point of view.

From theſe conſiderations we muſt expreſs *our* ſurprize that ſo many fruitleſs enquiries, ſo many inconcluſive conjectures, about *Shakeſpeare*'s extent of learning have been ſuggeſted; ſome of his commentators have undoubtedly poſſeſſed a much greater ſhare of literary knowledge than he did,

did, yet not one of them has ſhewn even the ſhadow of his merit. Errors of negligence and the ſuperfluities of a rapid luxuriant genius frequently occur; and we ſhould not be ſo idolatrous as to worſhip; to cenſure them is by no means illiberal; but at the ſame time we ſhould remember thoſe frequent beauties, which ſhould in criticiſm, as charity does in religion, cover a multitude of ſins.

After diſſenting a little from Mr. *Pope*'s opinion as to our Author's erudition, we entirely agree, "that his thoughts ſeem to have come "from a degree of intuition, as to his knowledge "of the world; that he looked through human "life at one glance, and appears to be the only "Author who gives ground for a very new, yet "very juſtifiable opinion, that the philoſopher, "and even the man of the world, may be born as "well as the poet." To be ſo violent in any author's praiſe as not to allow, if he is a man of free ſpirited genius, many errors, as well as abundant beauties, is prejudice, and not criticiſm.

Mr. *Pope*, whom we chiefly trace, ſays, "That "as he has written better, ſo he has written "worſe than any other." The latter point we contend againſt, for however he trifled to indulge a quibbling and pedantic taſte, which prevailed in, and diſgraced his time; yet we make no ſcruple to declare, that though he may be below himſelf

himſelf in thoſe frivolous excurſions of fancy, he is far above any other author even in that way: as to flattering ſuch a deſpicable taſte, he was doubly obliged to it both as author and actor. We judge him more blameable in another point than this, which has been rarely, if ever before, noticed; that is, indulging the redundancy of his own imagination ſo far, that frequently, when a favourite thought ſtruck him, he ſpun it out and dwelt upon it, not only beyond the limits of dramatic dialogue, but beyond the much more extended bounds of epic poetry *.

Even in ſcenes of levity, as well as thoſe of paſſion, he ſeldom knew when to leave off; therefore frequently wore elegance and humour threadbare: this we by no means impute *ſo much* to a want of judgment, or negligence of thinking, as to a contempt of the auditors and readers of his day. He ſeems to have entirely made his genius pleaſurable and profitable to himſelf, without much attention to future fame, elſe he would have ſent the offſprings of his brain into the world in a more correct and authentic ſtate.

It has been imputed to him as a merit, that he never blotted a line. That he was not fond of, or very attentive to corrections, we readily believe; a prompt genius ſeldom is: but we have undoubted proof, the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, the three

* For many proofs of this, conſult his hiſtorical plays particularly.

parts

parts of *Henry the Sixth*, *Henry the Fifth*, and *Hamlet*, were not only improved, but almoſt re-written.

Though Mr. *Pope* obliquely, nay almoſt directly, appears to deny our Author any eſſential education in one place, yet afterwards he chuſes to make this palliative diſtinction in favour of *Shakeſpeare*: "There is, ſays he, a great difference between learning and languages; how far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine." This is too ſhort-ſighted an opinion; 'tis evident he underſtood ſome *Latin* and ſome *French*, though his diſplay of either is not very ſtriking; however his claſſical alluſions are many, various, and fancifully juſt. Mr. *Pope* proceeds: "It is plain he had much reading at leaſt, if critics will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another: nothing is more evident than that he had a knowledge of natural philoſophy, mechanics, ancient and modern hiſtory, poetical learning and mythology: we find him very knowing in the cuſtoms, rites, and manners of antiquity; in modern *Italian* novel writers, and in the ancients of his own country."

It ſeems very probable, as *Ben. Johnſon* had admirers, as well as *Shakeſpeare*, that the friends of each depreciated the oppoſite party. Partizans are ever in extremes; and as it is univerſally allowed

that *Ben* had much more ſchool learning, it was ridiculouſly aſſerted that *Shakeſpeare* had none; and, vice verſa, as *Shakeſpeare* had more brilliancy of wit, more eaſe and elegance of expreſſion; it was ſaid that *Johnſon* was deficient in all: becauſe the latter was ſlow in his productions, his care was interpreted into literary drudgery; while the former's negligent facility, which occaſioned him to be too ſparing of correction, was magnified into the utmoſt teſt of exalted genius. Becauſe *Shakeſpeare* did not borrow from the claſſics, he was deemed all originality; while poor *Ben*, from tranſlating ſeveral paſſages, rather pedantically we confeſs, was pronounced a plagiariſt throughout. Contentions of this ſort are generally partial and illiberal; in this view, we conſider the aſſertion, that *Ben* was envious of *Shakeſpeare*, which point ſeems better ſupported by that trite opinion, that two of a trade can never agree, than by any other proof: it lays on *Johnſon* the grievous charge of ingratitude, as *Shakeſpeare* introduced him and his talents on the ſtage, and foſtered them there: in juſt remembrance of which cordial aſſiſtance (or elſe he muſt have been a moſt complete and contemptible hypocrite) he wrote a copy of verſes to the memory of his *beloved* Mr. *William Shakeſpeare*.

Mr. *Dryden* has found, or ſeemed to find, a duplicity and languor in this compliment; but we

we rather concur with Mr. *Pope*, that there is no ſufficient foundation for ſuch an idea, eſpecially as *Ben* has been blameably laviſh in praiſe, by preferring him to *all* antiquity; and has moſt judiciouſly maintained, that he poſſeſſed a degree of art, with a full poſſeſſion of nature. Perſonal regard beams warmly through many parts of the praiſe he beſtows in his *Diſcoveries*, where he profeſſes affection for the man, admiration for the bard.

When he endeavoured to reſcue our Author's fame from that pitiful, periſhable foundation, ſubordinate theatrical applauſe, that is, of many actors who then ſcarce underſtood what they ſpoke, he was undoubtedly right. Mean, intereſted, paltry ſolicited applauſe, is a diſgrace from which a man of any ſenſibility would reſcue a friend.

It is too common an abſurdity to ſuppoſe that friendſhip ſhould cover all failings; but painting an author, or man, however excellent in either capacity, as perfect, is a contradiction to reaſon, and common experience. When *Ben Johnſon* ſneered at ſome paſſages written by his friend, he did no more than every perſon who takes up the pen of criticiſm ſhould do: are friendly more ſtrict then parental ties? The latter allow corrections, why ſhould the former deny? A ſtrong inſtance of this childiſh delicacy in friendly forbearance,

bearance, appears in ſeveral ſtrictures upon the late Lord *Orrery*'s letters on *Swift*, wherein his Lordſhip, though a very tender-minded man, thought it his duty to point out ſome of the Dean's failings †, though when alive he called and eſteemed him his friend. It is much better to avoid biographical painting, than to give unfaithful pictures: if inſtruction is not the point in view, we may as well read *Robin Hood* and *Little John* as *Plutarch*'s Lives. The lights and ſhades ſhould be impartially diſcriminated; with this reſerve, that in dubious paſſages, the former ſhould be preferred to the latter; where ſuppoſition comes in, it ſhould always come in favourably. Theſe poſitions, which we think very maintainable, certainly exculpate *Johnſon* from either envy, cruelty, or ingratitude; tho' ſome occaſional ſarcaſtic ſtrokes may have eſcaped his pen againſt the man he loved, the author he admired, he ingenuouſly praiſes the honeſty of *Shakeſpeare*, the openneſs and frankneſs of his temper.

† It is ſtrange that ſuch capricious criticiſm ſhould make a public appearance. Lord *Orrery* wrote to his ſon, and very properly, in the double capacity of a tender father, and a faithful hiſtorian, he has ſhown ſome ſhade of character where he might have ſhewn much more: what he did was a point of indiſpenſible duty, as the Honourable *Hamilton Boyle*, to whom he addreſſed the work, was then inſtructed to know that the moſt diſtinguiſhed geniuſes are liable to egregious and moſt reprehenſible failings.

Mr.

Mr. *Pope* was moſt illiberally ſevere upon players; perhaps from his antipathy to *Colley Cibber*, whom he hated for having a dramatic genius, which he himſelf could never attain. He has ſtigmatiſed *all* the players as blockheads, a charge not to be juſtly levelled *at the whole* of any body of people; folly and vice, wiſdom and virtue are more or leſs to be found in every ſphere of life: he charges them with all the errors which diſgrace the former editions of *Shakeſpeare*; he might nearly as well have imputed thoſe errors to the Author, who muſt have ſeen ſome of his plays, as ſome were printed during his lifetime: though negligent we allow him to be, yet it is a very great ſtrain of credibility to ſuppoſe he did not ſee the printed copies; and if he did, it is ſtill more extraordinary to imagine he would let ſuch paſſages paſs uncenſured, uncorrected; but the truth is, we believe, that ſelf-ſufficient and ſelf-intereſted commentators have ſuppoſed blunders to ſhow their own dexterity in rectification, and furniſhed explanations which the Author never had an idea of.

Hemings and *Condell*, two cotemporary performers, in 1633, ſeven years after our Author's deceaſe, publiſhed a folio edition of his plays, which they declared to be the only genuine one. Of this Mr. *Pope* ſays, it is freer from literal errors than preceding ones; but from the foiſting in a number

number of trifling and bombaſt paſſages, it rather falls below them. It is beyond all diſpute, that no author has ever been ſo much mangled, ſo much burthened with additions, or ſo much wounded with abbreviations and eraſements.

Judging from ſtile and ſentiments, Mr. *Pope* obſerves, and we freely go into his opinion, that thoſe diſmal dramas, moſt ſtrangely attributed to the *Avonian* Bard, *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot juſtly be admitted as his; and we readily admit *Love's Labour's Loſt*, with *Titus Andronicus* among the number proſcribed: but we differ from the *Engliſh Homer*, as to the *Winter's Tale*, for we think there are many and powerful marks of the maſter's hand in that piece; many of the extravagancies in it are fine. If *Shakeſpeare*, as is ſuggeſted, had the management of the theatre, and proſtituted his name to recommend ſuch pieces, he muſt have been mean to a degree, palpably avaricious, and unpardonably negligent of fame; to admit this, is a groſs and unjuſt blemiſh on the bard's character.

Mr. *Pope* thinks, and not improbably, that in his acknowledged beſt pieces, "many faults "have been unjuſtly charged to his account, "from arbitrary additions, expunctions, tranſ- "poſitions of lines and ſcenes, confuſions of "characters and perſons, wrong application of "ſpeeches,

" ſpeeches, corruptions of innumerable paſſages " by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them " again by the impertinence of his firſt editors; " from one or other of theſe conſiderations I am " verily perſwaded that the greateſt and groſſeſt " part of what are thought errors would vaniſh, " and leave his poetical character in a light very " different from that diſadvantageous one in " which it now appears." Nothing can poſſibly be more happily ſuited to *Shakeſpeare*'s merit, or the commentator's refined way of thinking, than Mr. *Pope*'s following concluſion to his preface. The architectural aſſimilation contained in it is grand and moſt happily adapted. " With " all his faults, and with all the irregularities " of the drama, one may look upon his works, " in compariſon of thoſe that are more finiſhed " and regular, as upon an ancient majeſtic piece " of *Gothic* architecture, compared with a neat " modern building: the latter is more elegant " and glaring, but the former is more ſtrong " and more ſolemn. It muſt be allowed, that in " one of theſe there are materials enough to " make many of the other. It has much the " greater variety, and much the nobler apart- " ments; though we are often conducted to " them by dark, odd, and uncouth paſſages. Nor " does the whole fail to ſtrike us with greater " reverence, though many of the parts are " childiſh, ill-placed, and unequal to its gran- " deur."

We

We mentioned a poem by *Ben Johnſon*, which, to vindicate his character from the charge of envy and malevolence, we tranſcribe, with occaſional remarks.

To the Memory of my *beloved*,
The Author Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, *Shakeſpeare*, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confeſs thy writings to be ſuch,
As neither man nor muſe can praiſe too much *;
'Tis true, and all men's ſuffrage—but theſe ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praiſe;
For ſeelieſt ignorance on theſe may light,
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praiſe,
And think to ruin where it ſeem'd to raiſe †:
Theſe are as ſome infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praiſe a matron; What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof againſt them; and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need:
I therefore will begin:—Soul of the age!
The applauſe! delight! and wonder of the ſtage ‡!
My *Shakeſpeare*, riſe—I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or *Spenſer*; or bid *Beaumont* lie

* We think this couplet goes as far in panegyric as can be juſtified.

† *Johnſon* here points at and frees himſelf from the imputation which has been ſo ill-naturedly ſuggeſted againſt him.

‡ Is this lukewarm praiſe? is it a grudging compliment?

A little

A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive ſtill, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praiſe to give *.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuſes;
I mean, with great but diſproportion'd muſes;
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy peers;
And tell—how far thou didſt our *Lilly* outſhine,
Or ſporting *Kyd*, or *Marlow*'s mighty line.
And though thou hadſt ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeek
For names; but call forth thund'ring *Æſchylus*,
Euripides, and *Sophocles*, to us,
Pacuvius, *Accius*, him of *Cordova* dead,
To live again, to hear thy buſkin tread
And ſhake a ſtage: or, when thy ſocks were on,
Leave thee alone; for the compariſon
Of all, that haughty *Greece* or over-bearing *Rome*,
Sent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triumph, my *Britain!* thou haſt one to ſhow,
To whom all *Europe* ſcenes of homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time †!
And all the Muſes ſtill were in their prime;

* Though the verſification of this Poem is, in general, ſtiff, and uncouth; yet we perceive great ſincerity and warmth of praiſe in it.

† Could there be conceived a more comprehenſive or more delicate panegyric than this? He who writes temporally, however ſtriking, uſeful and entertaining, is but a ſubordinate genius; he who writes for futurity, and upon univerſal principles, is capital. In this light, *Johnſon* juſtly draws *Shakeſpeare*; what more *Dryden* would have had we cannot ſay, unleſs ſuch groſs daubing as he beſtowed in many of his adulatory dedications upon miſerable characters; and this would have been diſgraceful to the critic and friend.

When,

When, like *Apollo*, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a *Mercury* to charm!
Nature herſelf was proud of his deſigns,
And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his lines;
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and woven ſo fit,
As ſince ſhe will vouchſafe no other wit:
The merry *Greek*, tart *Ariſtophanes*,
Neat *Terence*, witty *Plautus*, now not pleaſe;
But antiquated and deſerted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet muſt I not give Nature *all*; thy art *,
My gentle *Shakeſpeare*, muſt enjoy a part:
For, tho' the Poet's matter Nature be,
His art doth give the faſhion: and that he
Who caſts to write a living line, muſt ſweat,
(Such as thine are) and ſtrike a ſecond heat †
Upon the Muſes' anvil; turn the ſame,
(And himſelf with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a ſcorn,—
For a good poet's made, as well as born ‡:
And ſuch wert thou: Look, how the father's face
Lives in his iſſue; even ſo the race
Of *Shakeſpeare*'s mind and manners brightly ſhines
In his well-turned, and true-filed lines;

* *Ben*, not ſatisfied with allowing his friend all natural powers, gives him here the advantages of art; hence it appears he would not have willingly withheld any due point of praiſe.

† This alluſion to a *Smith*'s forge is rather laboured, uncouth and ill applied.

‡ This obſervation is extremely juſt; for mere genius, ſave ſome very extraordinary exceptions, is and muſt be rude without cultivation. A load of learning is prejudicial, but ſome knowledge of letters, and an extenſive intimacy with mankind, are peculiarly requiſite for a dramatic writer.

In

In each of which he ſeems to ſhake a lance,
As brandiſh'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet ſwan of *Avon!* what a ſight it were,
To ſee thee in our waters yet appear;
And make thoſe flights upon the banks of *Thames*,
That ſo did take *Eliza* and our *James!*
But ſtay—I ſee thee in the hemiſphere
Advanc'd, and made a conſtellation there:—
Shine forth, thou ſtar of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping ſtage;
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And deſpairs day, but for thy volume's light †!

From the remarks we have offered, and we hope not unjuſtly, it may be inferred, that the preceding lines have more of friendſhip, than fancy, in them; much more of labour than of genius; they contain ſtrength of thought, but want eaſe of expreſſion; *Ben*'s conſtant fault.

From a review of our Author, it is beyond a doubt, that Nature never favoured a ſon of *Parnaſſus*, more; and we may add, that as Nature formed him to delineate, ſo ſhe formed Mr. *Garrick* to expreſs. At all times perſons of taſte and judgment muſt have admired *Shakeſ-*

† We know not nor can conceive a warmer compliment than this, wherein *Johnſon* throws himſelf and all other authors aſide, to make *Shakeſpeare* not only the main, but the ſole pillar, of the ſtage.

peare, but it is certain, that he never reached the zenith of his glory till the inimitable Actor had ſtudied and illuſtrated him. There is an amazing ſimilarity between the writing of one and the acting of the other; they both appear regardleſs of rules and mechaniſm. The beautiful wildneſſes of nature ſeem to have attracted both, and in different ſtyles they appear to have purſued the ſame track; though Mr. *Garrick* is never ſo entirely luxuriant, nor ſo trifling, yet it is certain that he feels and manifeſts a very uncommon glow of looks, action, and utterance, equal to his favourite Author's boldeſt flights of fancy.

Senſible of this, the corporate body of *Stratford upon Avon*, our Author's place of birth, complimented Mr. *Garrick*, in the year 1760, with the freedom of a burgeſs; and did it with great politeneſs. Properly feeling this compliment, and eager to give his *Shakeſpeare*'s memory a freſh and new extenſive inſtance of regard, as well as to do the town ſome ſervice by an uncommon aſſemblage of company, he projected a jubilee proceſſion of all *Shakeſpeare*'s principal characters properly habited, which, had weather permitted, would have been a very *beautiful* and ſtriking exhibition; even on the ſtage it met with uncommon approbation, merely as a pageant. It was well fancied, and well executed; however Mr. *Garrick* enriched the deſign with an exertion

of his poetical abilities, in composing a commemoration Ode, which contains much of fire, feeling, and description; yet it appears very languid in perusal, compared to the Author's spirited recitation of it.

We are willing to allow an author of *Shakespeare*'s merit every *secular homage*, but what we have now mentioned is beyond doubt a degree of *profane idolatry*, which is even carried to popish extravagance, by searching after, and most curiously preserving, in different shapes, pieces of a mulberry tree, planted by his own hand. Enthusiastic admirers may depend on it that his works will last much longer, than any remnants of the tree, and need no such perishable proofs of their fame. Mr. *Garrick* has not only been serviceable, by his masterly performance, but essentially so by some most judicious alterations and reformations, which have restored some pieces to the stage, which otherwise must have lain in oblivion. Pruning and altering this Author has been censured by some of his over sanguine admirers; however, there is no reason to doubt his ready acquiescence, had he lived at this day, to almost every step of that kind which has been taken, both by Mr. *Garrick*, and some other judicious critics before the time, *Tate*, *Dryden*, &c.

As he wrote so profusely in both species of the drama, it may not be improper to suggest,

according to our opinion, in which he claims the preference; and this we are ready to pronounce without hesitation, in favour of Tragedy. His comic scenes have great vivacity, but are in general much incumbered with quibble and obscurity; *Falstaff* excepted, who may be stiled the eldest born son of humour: but his *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, and *Julius Cæsar* (exclusive of other pieces in the serious cast) overballance a whole library of laughter, produced by the most sterling wit or most genuine pleasantry. The strength and magnificence of his solemn ideas, the sinewy, yet smooth flow of his expression, the elevated propriety of his imagery, his happy introduction and fanciful support of similies, with an unparalleled judicious and just selection of characters, place him above all panegyrick, except the cordial and unlimited applause of admiring audiences.

As to the religious principles of this great man, we are not positively ascertained; but from the liberality of sentiment and universal benevolence, which breathe through his works, we are led to believe him of the established church; though some strokes of Popery appear in his *Hamlet*.

In regard to his political tenets, they seem inextricable, and we are sorry to pronounce him rather a time-server; for though upon *Roman* subjects he has promulged the noblest ideas of general

and particular liberty, yet in his plays founded on *Engliſh* hiſtory, he has advanced laborious deceptive arguments in favour of divine right, non-reſiſtance, paſſive obedience, &c. but this being chiefly done under the reign of a *Stuart*, though to be lamented, need not be wondered at.

As a private man, we have all imaginable reaſon to ſuppoſe him a humane, mild, affable member of ſociety, who had prudence without avarice, and philoſophy to be ſatisfied with a competence; but one who moved through life as a ſhining and benign planet, calculated to ſhed pleaſure and advantage. We could dwell much longer, with great ſatisfaction to ourſelves, on the agreeable ſubject of paying grateful tribute, faint as it may be, to ſo valuable a memory; but few who read this will want animation or further information on the ſubject; therefore we ſhall, as a juſt and conciſe climax of praiſe, conclude with an obſervation from his own works, which ſeems prophetically ſuggeſted for himſelf;

——"Take him for all in all,
"We ſhall not look upon his like again."



POEMS

WRITTEN BY

Mr. WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

INTRODUCTION.

IN every age and nation, where civilization has taken place, Poetry has been allowed the most dignified degree of literary composition. Out of multitudes who have paid their court to the muses, but few, very few, have made respectable figures, lukewarm, or rather cold mediocrity, having marked a large majority. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider how many requisites are wanting to furnish excellence; sound, universal knowledge; abundant fancy; chaste elegant language, fluent verification, strength of idea, and well applied imagery; a thorough acquaintance with arts, sciences, sylvan, in chaotic, with the animal and vegetable world, the [illegible] imagination [illegible] ment to regulate and allemblage of ideas, however variegated.

Though some Critics have contended for a manifest superiority in Epic composition, we presume to place the Drama therein, not out of complaisance to Shakespeare, on account of his acknowledged pre-eminence in that light, but for manifest reasons; one of which, and not the least, is, that situations and passions are much more varied, and much higher wrought, in the latter, than in the for-

mer.

INTRODUCTION.

IN every age and nation, where civilization has taken place, Poetry has been allowed the moſt dignified degree of literary compoſition. Out of multitudes who have paid their court to the muſes, but few, very few, have made reſpectable figures: lukewarm, or rather cold mediocrity, having marked a large majority. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we conſider how many requiſites are wanting, to furniſh excellence; ſound, univerſal knowledge; abundant fancy, chaſte elegant language, fluent verſification, ſtrength of idea, and well applied imagery; a thorough acquaintance with arts, ſciences, ſyſtems, mechanics, with the animal and vegetable world; the reſources of imagination ſhould be inexhauſtible, with judgement to regulate any aſſemblage of ideas, however variegated.

Though ſome Critics have contended for a manifeſt ſuperiority in Epic compoſition, we are inclined to place the Drama foremoſt, not out of complaiſance to *Shakeſpeare*, on account of his acknowledged pre-eminence in that light, but for manifeſt reaſons; one of which, and not the leaſt, is, that ſituations and paſſions are much more varied, and much higher wrought, in the latter, than in the former.

mer. The writer of a good Tragedy requires a much more intimate knowledge of human nature, and the effects of different characters upon public feelings, than the Epic Poet; there is not so much occasion for sublimity, we confess, but every other point of consideration calls for the most fertile and general abilities. After elucidations of *Shakespeare's* Plays, it would be superfluous to urge any thing here respecting his merit as a Dramatist, more than to say, that as he never has been, so probably he never will be, equalled in that view: but as it is common for authors to excel in one case, and fall very short in others, so the Swan of *Avon*, in our idea, falls as far short of himself in his Poems, as he rises above others in his Plays. If we consider the best authors since his time, we shall easily perceive that their talents, conspicuous in one light, appear exceedingly dim in another.

Dryden, who seemed much inclined to, and as we think, was very capable of, Epic Poetry, was a most turgid unnatural writer of Tragedy. Who could suppose the author of *Alexander's* Feast, to have been author of the Conquest of *Granada*? a jumble of strained ideas and flatulent expressions; enormous, romantic, and improbable events; yet we never lose sight of a great genius, violently misused. If this Laureat had never wrote any thing but his plays, he would have appeared in the grave, frantic, and in the gay, licentious; but in his translations, fables, &c. he greatly excells *Shakespeare*.

Con-

Congreve, whose poetical genius was above the medium degree, made one wretched attempt in tragedy, namely, *The Mourning Bride*.

Pope, whose elegance of thought, harmony of numbers, and chasteness of idea must always be admired, durst not attempt the stage.

Addison, whose poetical pieces in general command great respect, has furnished but a sermonical, unaffecting collection of good sentiments, correct language, and masterly versification, for the stage, in *Cato*.

Dr YOUNG, a most nervous reasoner, in verse, a witty and poignant satirist, yet in staged composition was stiff, bombastic and heavy; yet his *Revenge* has merit.

THOMSON, whose Seasons are almost unexceptionable, in his Tragedies appears laborious, prolix, and moving in the buckram of criticism.—These instances are sufficient to show that a man may excel in one branch of poetry, and be very languid, or absurd in another. We may add MILTON, who in his COMUS, and SAMSON AGONISTES, shows clearness of head, joined to goodness of heart; shows richness of fancy, with classical correctness; yet he could not, as we apprehend, have written successfully for the stage, unless it had been after the Grecian model.

We hope not to offend that very amiable and capable poet of our own day, Mr. MASON, author of Elfrida and Caractacus, if we say that those pieces, tho' abundantly pleasing, as well as profitable,

in

in the closet, have but little or no merit for the stage, though music, and a kind of novelty, have given the former some degree of success, lately.

If *Shakespeare*'s merit, as a poet, a philosopher, or a man, was to be estimated from his Poems, though they possess many instances of powerful genius, he would, in every point of view, sink beneath himself, in these characters. Many of his subjects are trifling, his versification mostly laboured and quibbling, with too great a degree of licentiousness. After this last assertion it may be reasonably urged, why pieces, confessedly censurable, should be re-published? To which challenge we have only to plead, that a desire of gratifying the admirers of our Author with an *entire* edition of his works, has induced us to suffer some passages to remain, which we are ourselves as far from approving, as the most scrupulous of our Readers; but upon consulting the critics, we were told that to have expunged them, might appear as over-strained a piece of prudery, in Literature, as the Regent Duke of *Orleans*'s action was, in the Arts; who, toward the latter part of his life, had castigated to *imperfection* certain pieces in his fine collection of statues and painting, in order to render them more decent objects of inspection.

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VENUS

AND

ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Caſtaliâ plena miniſtret aquâ.

OVID. *Amor. l.* 1. *El.* 15.



TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

Earl of SOUTHAMPTON, and Baron of TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I ſhall offend, in dedicating my unpoliſhed lines to your lordſhip; nor how the world will cenſure me, for chuſing ſo ſtrong a prop to ſupport ſo weak a burden: only if your honour ſeem but pleaſed, I account myſelf highly praiſed, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with ſome graver labour. But if the firſt heir of my invention prove deformed, I ſhall be ſorry it had ſo noble a godfather, and never after ear ſo barren a land, for fear it yield me ſtill ſo bad a harveſt. I leave it to your honourable ſurvey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wiſh may always anſwer your own wiſh, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILL. SHAKESPEAR.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

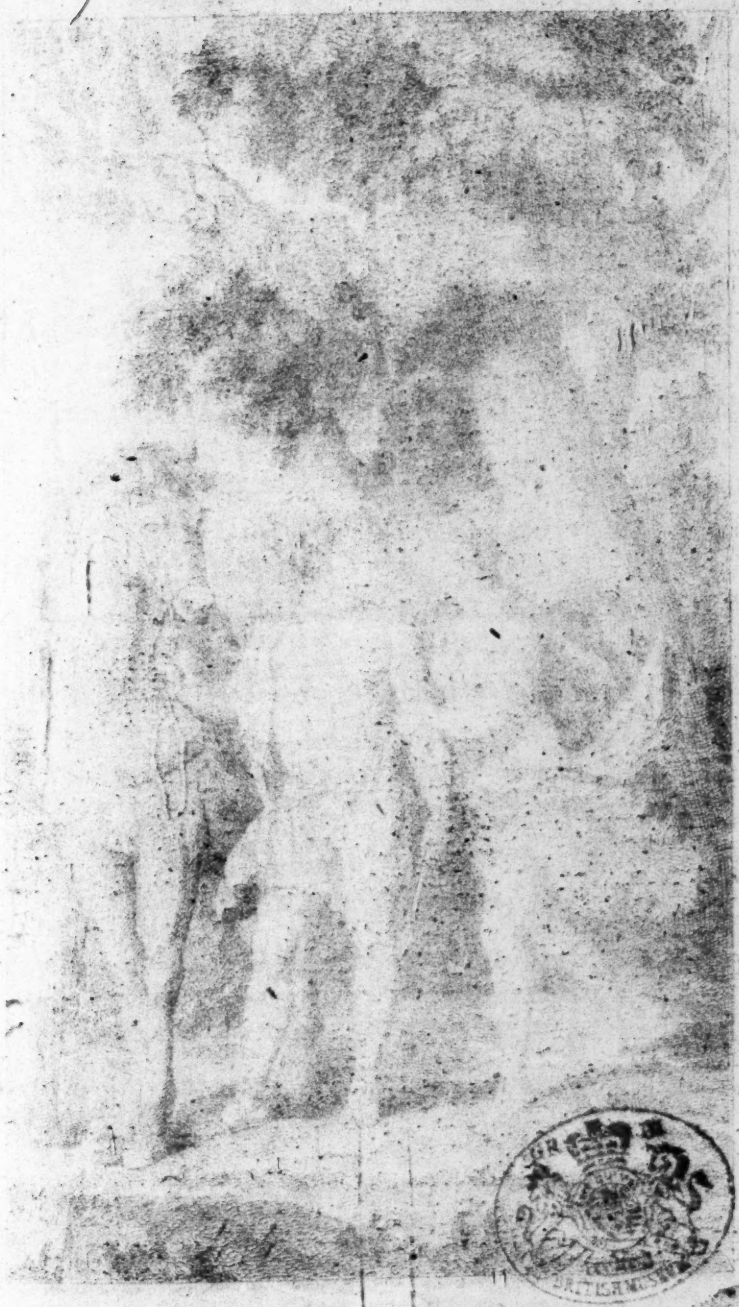
Earl of Southampton, and Baron of
Titchfield.

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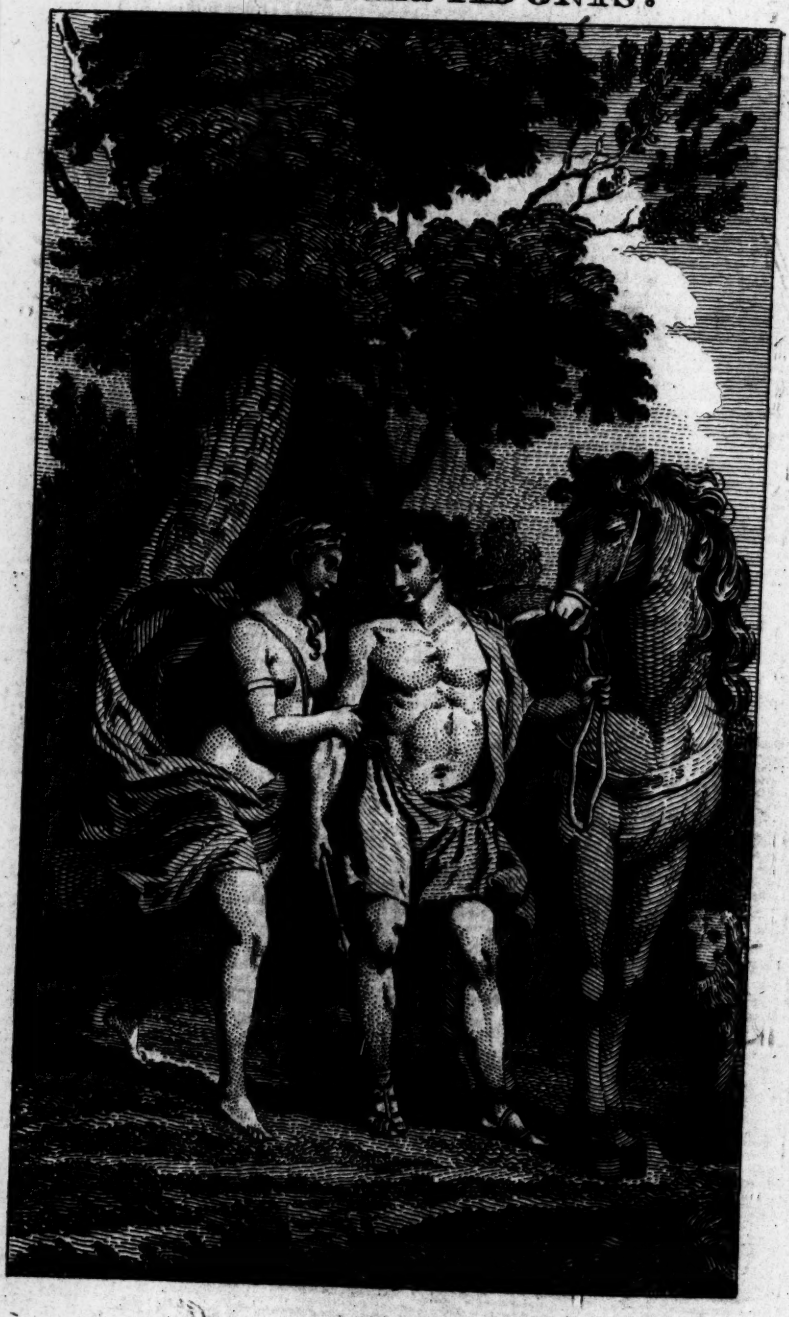
I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me, for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILL. SHAKESPEARE.



VENUS and ADONIS.



—— desire doth lend her force
courageously to pluck him from his Horse.

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VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the ſun, with purple-coloured face,
Had ta'en his laſt leave of the weeping morn,
Roſe-cheek'd *Adonis* hied him to the chaſe:
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to ſcorn.
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd ſuitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myſelf! (thus ſhe began)
The fields ſweet flower! ſweet above compare!
Stain to all nymphs! more lovely than a man!
More white and red, than doves or roſes are!
Nature, that made thee with herſelf at ſtrife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchſafe, thou wonder! to alight thy ſteed,
And rein his proud head to the ſaddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thouſand honey ſecrets ſhalt thou know.
Here come and ſit, where ſerpent never hiſſes,
And being ſet, I'll ſmother thee with kiſſes.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed ſatiety,
But rather famiſh them amid their plenty;
Making them red and pale with fresh variety:
Ten kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twenty.
A ſummer's day will ſeem an hour but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport.

With this ſhe ſeizeth on his ſweating palm,
The preſident of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her paſſion calls it balm;
Earth's ſovereign ſalve to do a goddeſs good.
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Courageouſly to pluck him from his horſe.

Over one arm the luſty courſer's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull diſdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy.
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for ſhame, but froſty in deſire.

The ſtudded bridle, on a ragged bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens (O how quick is love!)
The ſteed is ſtalled up, and even now
To tie the rider ſhe begins to prove.
Backward ſhe puſh'd him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And govern'd him in ſtrength, tho' not in luſt.

So ſoon was ſhe along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but ſoon ſhe ſtops his lips:
And kiſſing ſpeaks, with luſtful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall never open.

He burns with baſhful ſhame; ſhe, with her tears,
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks:
Then with her windy ſighs and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again ſhe ſeeks.
He ſays ſhe is immodeſt, blames her miſs;
What follows more, ſhe ſmothers with a kiſs.

Even as an empty eagle, ſharp by faſt,
Tires with her beak on feathers, fleſh and bone,
Shaking her wings devouring all in haſte,
Till either gorge be ſtufft, or prey be gone:
Even ſo ſhe kiſs'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forc'd to conſent, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face:
She feedeth on the ſtream as on a prey,
And calls it, heavenly moiſture! air of grace!
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So faſten'd in her arms *Adonis* lies:
Pure ſhame and aw'd reſiſtance made him fret;
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a river, that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still ſhe entreats, and prettily entreats;
For to a pretty ear ſhe tunes her tale:
Still he is ſullen, ſtill he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimſon ſhame, and angry aſhy pale.
Being red, ſhe loves him beſt; and being white,
Her breaſt is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, ſhe cannot chuſe but love;
And by her fair immortal hand ſhe ſweare,
From his ſoft boſom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears;
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one ſweet kiſs ſhall pay this countleſs debt.

Upon this promiſe did he raiſe his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering thro' a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to give what ſhe did crave;
But when his lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did paſſenger, in ſummer's heat,
More thirſt for drink, than ſhe for this good turn;
Her help ſhe ſees, but help ſhe cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet in fire muſt burn.
Oh pity, 'gan ſhe cry, flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiſs I beg, why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the ſtern and direful god of war,
Whoſe ſinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar:
Yet hath he been my captive and my ſlave,
And begg'd for that which thou unaſk'd ſhalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd ſhield, his uncontrolled creſt;
And for my ſake hath learn'd to ſport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, ſmile and jeſt;
Scorning his churliſh drum, and enſign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he, that over-rul'd, I over-ſway'd,
Leading him priſoner in a red roſe chain:
Strong temper'd ſteel, his ſtronger ſtrength obey'd,
Yet was he ſervile to my coy diſdain.
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maſtring her, that foil'd the god of fight!

Touch but my lips with thoſe fair lips of thine,
(Tho' mine be not ſo fair, yet they are red)
The kiſs ſhall be thine own as well as mine;
What ſeeſt thou on the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies,
Then why not lips on lips, ſince eyes on eyes?

Art thou aſham'd to kiſs? then wink again,
And I will wink, ſo ſhall the day ſeem night,
Love keeps his revels, where there be but twain;
Be bold to play, our ſport is not in ſight.
Theſe blue-vein'd violets, whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender ſpring, upon thy tempting lip,
Shews thee unripe; yet may'ſt thou well be taſted:
Make uſe of time, let not advantage ſlip,
Beauty within itſelf would not be waſted.
Fair flowers, that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and conſume themſelves in little time.

Were I hard favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churliſh, harſh in voice,
O'er-worn, deſpiſed, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-ſighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then might'ſt thou pauſe, for then I were not for thee,
But, having no defects, why doſt abhor me?

Thou can'ſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty, as the ſpring, doth yearly grow;
My fleſh as ſoft and plump, my marrow burning;
My ſmooth moiſt hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm diſſolve, or ſeem to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will inchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green;
Or, like a nymph, with long diſhevell'd hair,
Dance on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeen.
Love is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
Not groſs to ſink, but light, and will aſpire.

Witneſs this primroſe-bank, whereon I lie,
The forceleſs flowers, like ſturdy trees, ſupport me:
Two ſtrengthleſs doves will draw me thro' the ſky
From morn till night, even where I liſt to ſport me.
Is love ſo light, ſweet boy, and may it be,
That thou ſhould'ſt think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand ſeize love upon thy left?
Then wooe thyſelf, be of thyſelf rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narciſſus ſo himſelf, himſelf forſook,
And died to kiſs his ſhadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spight of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them;
And *Titan*, tir'd in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them:
Wishing *Adonis* had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by *Venus'* side.

And now *Adonis* with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows, o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky;
Souring his cheeks, cries, Fie, no more of love,
The sun doth burn my face, I must remove.

Ah me! (quoth *Venus*) young, and so unkind:
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone?
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun.
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs,
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between the sun and thee!
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,
And, were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heav'nly and this earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as ſteel?
Nay more than flint, for ſtone at rain relenteth:
Art thou a woman's ſon, and canſt not feel
What 'tis to love, how want of love tormenteth?
O! had thy mother born ſo bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou ſhouldſt contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my ſuit?
What were thy lips the worſe for one poor kiſs?
Speak fair: but ſpeak fair words, or elſe be mute.
Give me one kiſs, I'll give it thee again,
And one for int'reſt, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeleſs picture, cold and ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead;
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred.
Thou art no man, tho' of a man's complection,
For men will kiſs even by their own direction.

This ſaid, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And ſwelling paſſion doth provoke a pauſe;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
Being judge in love, ſhe cannot right her cauſe.
And now ſhe weeps, and now ſhe fain would ſpeak,
And now her ſobs do her *intendments* break.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head, and then his hand;
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound:
And when from thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

Fondling, ſaith ſhe, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be the park, and thou ſhalt be my deer,
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale.
Graze on my lips; and if thoſe hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom graſs, and high delightful plain,
Round riſing hillocks, brakes obſcure and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt and from rain.
Then be my deer, ſince I am ſuch a park,
No dog ſhall rouſe thee, tho' a thouſand bark.

At this *Adonis* ſmiles, as in diſdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
Love made thoſe hollows, if himſelf were ſlain,
He might be buried in a tomb ſo ſimple:
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, and there he cou'd not die.

Theſe loving caves, theſe round enchanted pits,
Open'd their mouths to ſwallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before, how doth ſhe now for wits?
Struck dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that ſmiles at thee with ſcorn.

Now which way ſhall ſhe turn? What ſhall ſhe ſay?
Her words are done, her woes the more increaſing:
The time is ſpent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releaſing.
Pity, ſhe cries, ſome favour, ſome remorſe!
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his horſe.

But, lo! from forth a copſe that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, luſty, young and proud,
Adonis' trampling courſer doth eſpy,
And forth ſhe ruſhes, ſnorts, and neighs aloud:
The ſtrong-neck'd ſteed, being ty'd unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her ſtraight goes he.

Imperiouſly he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girts he breaks aſunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whoſe hollow womb reſounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he cruſhes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compaſs'd creſt, now ſtands an end:
His noſtrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he lend:
  His eye, which glifters ſcornfully like fire,
  Shews his hot courage, and his high deſire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the ſteps,
With gentle majeſty, and modeſt pride:
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who ſhould ſay, Lo! thus my ſtrength is try'd:
  And thus I do to captivate the eye
  Of the fair breeder that is ſtanding by.

What recketh he his rider's angry ſtir,
His flatt'ring holla, or his ſtand, I ſay?
What cares he now for curb, or pricking ſpur?
For rich capariſons, or trappings gay?
  He ſees his love, and nothing elſe he ſees,
  For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Look when a painter wou'd ſurpaſs the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd ſteed,
His art, with nature's workmanſhip at ſtrife,
As if the dead the living ſhould exceed:
  So did his horſe excel a common one,
  In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hooft, ſhort-jointed, fetlocks ſhag and long,
Broad breaſt, full eyes, ſmall head, and noſtril wide,
High creſt, ſhort ears, ſtrait legs, and paſſing ſtrong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.
  Look, what a horſe ſhould have, he did not lack,
  Save a proud rider on ſo proud a back.

Sometimes he ſcuds far off, and there he ſtares;
Anon he ſtarts at ſtirring of a feather:
To bid the wind a baſe he now prepares,
And where he run, or fly, they know not whither:
  For thro' his mane and tail the high wind ſings,
  Fanning the hairs, which heave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She anſwers him, as if ſhe knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to ſee him woo her,
She puts on outward ſtrangeneſs, ſeems unkind,
Spurns at his love, and ſcorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails his tail; that like a falling plume,
Cool ſhadow to his melting buttocks lent;
He ſtamps and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was aſſuag'd.

His teaſty maſter goes about to take him,
When lo! the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, ſwiftly doth forſake him,
With her the horſe, and left *Adonis* there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-ſtripping crows, that ſtrive to over-fly them.

All ſwoln with chaſing, down *Adonis* ſits,
Banning his boiſt'rous and unruly beaſt.
And now the happy ſeaſon once more fits,
That love-ſick *Love*, by pleading may be bleſt.
For lovers ſay, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is bar'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is ſtopp'd, or river ſtaid,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorrow may be ſaid;
Free vent of words love's fire doth aſſuage:
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as deſperate in his ſuit.

He ſees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind;
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with diſturbed mind;
Taking no notice, that ſhe is ſo nigh,
For all aſkance he holds her in his eye.

O! what a fight it was wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy;
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels:
His tender cheeks receive her soft hand's print,
As apt, as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O! what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain,
With tears, which chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band,
So white a friend ingirts so white a foe!
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like to silver doves, that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of our thoughts began:
O fairest mover on this mortal round!
Would thou wert, as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole, as thine, thy heart my wound!
For one sweet look my help I would assure thee,
Tho' nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand (saith he) why dost thou feel it?
Give me thy heart (saith she) and thou shalt have it.
O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it;
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because *Adonis'* heart hath made mine hard.

For ſhame, he cries, let go, and let me go,
My day's delight is paſt, my horſe is gone,
And 'tis your fault, I am bereſt him ſo:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.
For all my mind, my thought, my buſy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus ſhe replies: Thy palfrey, as he ſhould,
Welcomes the warm approach of ſweet deſire:
Affection is a coal, that muſt be cool'd;
Elſe, ſuffer'd, it will ſet the heart on fire.
The ſea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none:
Therefore no marvel though thy horſe be gone.

How like a jade he ſtood, ty'd to a tree,
Servilely maſtred with a leathern rein!
But when he ſaw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held ſuch petty bondage in diſdain;
Throwing the baſe thong from his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, his back, his breaſt.

Who ſees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hue than white,
But when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is ſo faint, that dare not be ſo bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuſe thy courſer, gentle boy,
And learn of him, I heartily beſeech thee,
To take advantage on preſented joy;
Tho' I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
O! learn to love, the leſſon is but plain,
And once made perfect, never loſt again.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
Unleſs it be a boar, and then I chaſe it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My love to love, is love but to diſgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but in a breath.

Who wears a garment ſhapeleſs and unfiniſh'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If ſpringing things be any jot diminiſh'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth.
The colt that's back'd, and burden'd being young,
Loſeth his pride, and never waxeth ſtrong.

You hurt my hand with wringing: let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootleſs chat;
Remove your ſiege from my unyielding heart,
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.
Diſmiſs your vows, your feigned tears, your flatt'ry;
For where a heart is hard, they make no batt'ry.

What! canſt thou talk? (quoth ſhe) haſt thou a tongue?
O! would thou had'ſt not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong!
I had my load before, now preſs'd with bearing.
Melodious diſcord! heavenly tune harſh-ſounding!
Earth's deep ſweet muſic! and heart's deep ſore-wound-
ing!

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty, and invifible:
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part of me, that were but ſenſible.
Tho' neither eyes nor ears to hear nor ſee,
Yet ſhould I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the ſenſe of reaſon were bereft me,
And that I could not ſee, nor hear, nor touch;
And nothing but the very ſmell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be ſtill as much:
For from the ſtillatory of thy face excelling,
Comes breath perfum'd that breedeth love by ſmelling.

But oh! what banquet wert thou to the taſte,
Being nurſe and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wiſh the feaſt ſhould ever laſt,
And bid ſuſpicion double-lock the door;
Leſt jealouſy, that four unwelcome gueſt,
Should by his ſtealing in diſturb the feaſt.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his ſpeech did honey paſſage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd,
Wreck to the ſeamen, tempeſt to the field,
Sorrow to ſhepherds, woe unto the birds,
Guſt and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill preſage adviſedly ſhe marketh,
Even as the wind is huſh'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it ſtaineth;
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning ſtruck her, ere his words begun.

And at his look ſhe flatly falleth down;
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frown,
But bleſſed bankrupt, that by love ſo thriveth!
The ſilly boy believing ſhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, 'till clapping makes it red.

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
For ſharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent,
Fair fall the wit, that can ſo well defend her:
For on the graſs ſhe lies, as ſhe were ſlain,
Till his breath breathed life in her again.

He wrings her noſe, he ſtrikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulſes hard,
He chafes her lips, a thouſand ways he ſeeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindneſs marr'd;
He kiſſes her, and ſhe, by her good will,
Would never riſe, ſo he would kiſs her ſtill.

The night of ſorrow now is turn'd to day,
Her two blue windows faintly ſhe up-heaveth;
Like the fair ſun, when in his freſh array,
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright ſun glorifies the ſky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine:
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows repined;
But here, which thro' the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.

O! where am I? (quoth she) in earth, or heaven?
Or in the ocean drench'd? or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?
Do I delight to die? or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy:
But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O! thou didst kill me, kill me once again:
Thy eyes, shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine
Has taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine:
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure!
Oh never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year:
That the star-gazers having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips! sweet seals! in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make still to be sealing?
To sell myself, I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy and pay, and use good dealing:
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
Set thy seal manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Fair queen (quoth he) if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years,
Before I know myself, seek not to know me,
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears;
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west!
The owl (night's herald) shrieks, 'tis very late,
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
The cole-black clouds, that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good-night.

Now let me say good-night, and so say you:
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
Good-night (quoth she) and ere he says adieu,
The honey fee of parting tendred is.
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught her yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back;
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling;
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen, but dissolves with temp'ring?
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission.
Affection faints not, like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over!
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd:
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What tho' the rose have pricks? yet it is pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks thro', and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart.
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him,
Bids him farewel, and look well to her heart;
The which by *Cupid*'s bow she doth protest,
He carries thence ingaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tells her no: to-morrow he intends,
To hunt the boar, with certain of his friends.

The boar! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary, she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her:
That worse than *Tantalus* is her annoy,
To clip *Elysium*, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw:
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds, that helpless berries saw:
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain, good queen, it will not be.
She hath assay'd as much, as may be prov'd,
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee:
She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd:
Fie, fie, he says, you crush me, let me go;
You have no reason to with-hold me so.

Thou had'st been gone (quoth she) sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the boar;
O! be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is,
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battel set,
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret,
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way:
And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof, than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful on the lion he will venture.
The thorny brambles, and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which love's eye pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hand, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at 'vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root these beauties, as he roots the mead.

O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still!
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's centinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, Kill, kill;
Distemp'ring gentle love with his desire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This sour informer, this bate breeding spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear.

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs, on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make 'em droop with grief, and hang the head.

What ſhould I do? ſeeing thee ſo indeed?
That trembling at th' imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination.
I propheſy thy death, my living ſorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me,
Uncoupled at the timorous flying hare;
Or at the fox, which lives by ſubtilty;
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Purſue theſe fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horſe keep with thy hounds.

And when thou haſt on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch; to overſhut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care,
He cranks and croſſes with a thouſand doubles.
The many umſits thro' the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flock of ſheep,
To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell;
And ſometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To ſtop the loud purſuers in their yell;
And ſometime ſorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviſeth ſhifts, wit waits on fear.

For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot-ſcent-ſnuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceaſing their clamorous cry, till they have ſingled,
With much ado, the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they ſpend their mouths; echo replies,
As if another chace were in the ſkies.

By this poor *Wat* far off, upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with liſtning ear,
To hearken if his foes purſue him ſtill:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear,
And now his grief may be compared well
To one ſore ſick, that hears the paſſing bell.

Then ſhalt thou ſee the dew-bedabled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way:
Each envious briar his weary legs doth ſcratch,
Each ſhadow makes him ſtop, each murmur ſtay.
For miſery is trodden on by many;
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly and hear a little more,
Nay, do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myſelf, thou hear'ſt me moralize,
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo;
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave? No matter where (quoth he)
Leave me, and then the ſtory aptly ends:
The night is ſpent. Why, what of that? (quoth ſhe)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends:
And now 'tis dark, and going I ſhall fall.
In night (quoth ſhe) deſire ſees beſt of all.

But if thou fall, O! then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiſs.
Rich preys make rich men thieves, ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt *Dian* cloudy and forlorn,
Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteal a kiſs, and die forſworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reaſon,
Cynthia for ſhame obſcures her ſilver ſhrine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing molds from heaven, that were divine,
Wherein ſhe fram'd thee in high heaven's deſpite,
To ſhame the ſun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the deſtinies
To croſs the curious workmanſhip of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure deſeature;
Making it ſubject to the tyranny
Of ſad miſchances and much miſery.

As burning fever, agues pale and faint,
Life-poiſoning peſtilence, and frenzies woad,
The marrow-eating ſickneſs, whoſe attaint
Diſorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, impoſthumes, grief, and damn'd deſpair,
Swear nature's death, for framing thee ſo fair.

And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies,
But in one minute's ſight brings beauty under:
Both favour, ſavour, hue and qualities,
Whereat th' imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the ſudden waſted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain ſnow melts with the mid-day ſun.

Therefore, deſpite of fruitleſs chaſtity,
Love-lacking veſtals, and ſelf-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a ſcarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of ſons,
Be prodigal. The lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body, but a ſwallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that poſterity,
Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt have,
If thou deſtroy them not in their obſcurity?
If ſo, the world will hold thee in diſdain,
Sith in thy pride ſo fair a hope is ſlain.

So in thyſelf thyſelf art made away,
A miſchief worſe than civil home-bred ſtrife,
Or theirs, whoſe deſperate hands themſelves do ſlay,
Or butcher's fire, that reaves his ſon of life.
Foul cankering ruſt the hidden treaſure frets;
But gold, that's put to uſe, more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth *Adon*, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theam;
The kiſs I gave you is beſtow'd in vain,
And all in vain you ſtrive againſt the ſtream.
For by this black-fac'd night, deſire's foul nurſe,
Your treatiſe makes me like you worſe and worſe.

If love hath lent you twenty thouſand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's ſongs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown.
For know, my heart ſtands armed in my ear,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there;

Leſt the deceiving harmony ſhould run
Into the quiet cloſure of my breaſt;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of reſt.
No, lady, no, my heart longs not to groan,
But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove?
The path is ſmooth that leadeth unto danger.
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every ſtranger.
You do it for increaſe; O ſtrange excuſe!
When reaſon is the bawd to luſt's abuſe.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since ſweating luſt on earth uſurps his name;
Under whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed
Upon freſh beauty, blotting it with blame:
Which the hot tyrant ſtains, and ſoon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like ſun-ſhine after rain;
But luſt's effect is tempeſt after ſun:
Love's gentle ſpring doth always freſh remain:
Luſt's winter comes ere ſummer half be done:
Love ſurfeits not; luſt like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; luſt full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not ſay;
The text is old, the orator too green:
Therefore in ſadneſs now I will away,
My face is full of ſhame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton calls attended,
Do burn themſelves for having ſo offended.

With this, he breaketh from the ſweet embrace
Of thoſe fair arms, which bound him to her breaſt:
And homeward thro' the dark lanes runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply diſtreſs'd.
Look how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the ſky,
So glides he in the night from *Venus'* eye.

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore,
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him ſeen no more,
Whoſe ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the mercileſs and pitchy night,
Fold in the Object, that did feed her ſight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropt a precious jewel in the flood;
Or ſtoniſh'd, as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in ſome miſtruſtful wood:
Even ſo confounded in the dark ſhe lay,
Having loſt the fair diſcovery of her way.

And now ſhe beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as ſeeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans:
Paſſion on paſſion deeply is redoubled.
Ay me! ſhe cries, and twenty times, woe! woe!
And twenty echoes twenty times cry ſo.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And ſings extemp'rally a woful ditty:
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wiſe in folly, fooliſh witty:
Her heavy anthem ſtill concludes in woe!
And ſtill the choir of echoes anſwers ſo.

Her ſong was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For lovers hours are long, tho' ſeeming ſhort:
If pleas'd themſelves, others they think delight
In ſuch-like circumſtance, with ſuch-like ſport.
Their copious ſtories, oftentimes begun,
And without audience, and are never done.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withal,
But idle ſounds, reſembling paraſites?
Like ſhrill-tongu'd tapſters anſwering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantaſtic wits.
She ſaid, 'tis ſo: they anſwer all, 'tis ſo,
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſilver breaſt
The ſun ariſeth in his majeſty:
Who doth the world ſo gloriouſly behold,
The cedar-tops and hills ſeem burniſh'd gold.

Venus ſalutes him with this fair good-morrow:
O thou clear god, and patron of all light!
From whom each lamp and ſhining ſtar doth borrow
The beauteous influence, that makes him bright:
There lives a ſon, that ſuck'd an earthly mother,
May lend the light as thou doſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a myrtle grove,
Muſing the morning is ſo much o'erworn:
And yet ſhe hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn;
Anon ſhe hears them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſte ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

And as ſhe runs, the buſhes in the way,
Some catch her by the neck, ſome kiſs her face,
Some twine about her thigh, to make her ſtay;
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
Haſting to feed her fawn, hid in ſome brake.

By this ſhe hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, like one that ſpies an adder,
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, juſt in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him ſhake and ſhudder:
Ev'n ſo the timorous yelping of the hounds,
Appals her ſenſes, and her ſpirit confounds.

For now ſhe knows it is no gentle chaſe,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud;
Becauſe the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be ſo curſt,
They all ſtrain curt'ſy who ſhall cope him firſt.

This diſmal cry rings ſadly in her ear,
Thro' which it enters, to ſurprize her heart;
Who overcome by doubt and bloodleſs fear,
With cold pale weakneſs numbs each feeling part:
Like ſoldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They baſely fly, and dare not ſtay the field.

Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling extaſy
Till cheering up her ſenſes ſore diſmaid,
She tells them 'tis a cauſeleſs fantaſy,
And childiſh error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more;
And with that word, ſhe ſpy'd the hunted boar.

Whoſe frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A ſecond fear thro' all her ſinews ſpread,
Which madly hurries her ſhe knows not whither.
This way ſhe runs, and now ſhe will not further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thouſand ſpleens bear her a thouſand ways,
She treads the paths that ſhe untreads again;
Her more than haſte is marred with delays:
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of reſpect, yet nor at all reſpecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake, ſhe finds an hound,
And aſks the weary caitiff for his maſter;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainſt venom'd ſores the only ſovereign plaiſter:
And here ſhe meets another ſadly ſcolding,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks, and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-reſounding noiſe,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Againſt the welkin vollies out his voice;
Another and another anſwer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their ſcratcht ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, ſigns and prodigies,
Whereon, with fearful eyes, they long have gaz'd,
Infuſing them with dreadful prophecies:
So ſhe, at theſe ſad ſigns, draws up her breath,
And ſighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love (thus chides ſhe death)
Grim-grinning ghoſt, earth's worm, what doſt thou mean?
To ſtifle beauty and to ſteal his breath?
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty ſet
Gloſs on the roſe, ſmell to the violet.

If he be dead, O no! it cannot be!
Seeing his beauty, thou ſhouldſt ſtrike at it.
O! yes, it may; thou haſt no eyes to ſee,
But hatefully at random doſt thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy falſe dart
Miſtakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power.
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'ſt a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him ſhould have fled,
And not death's ebon dart to ſtrike him dead.

Doſt thou drink tears, that thou provok'ſt ſuch weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why haſt thou caſt into eternal ſleeping
Thoſe eyes, that taught all other eyes to ſee?
Now nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her beſt work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of deſpair,
She veil'd her eye-lids, which like ſluices ſtopp'd
The cryſtal tide, that from her two cheeks fair,
In the ſweet channel of her boſom dropp'd.
But thro' the flood-gates breaks the ſilver rain,
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them again.

O! how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes ſeen in her tears, tears in her eye;
Both cryſtals, where they view'd each other's ſorrow:
Sorrow, that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to dry.
But like a ſtormy day, now wind, now rain;
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant woe,
As ſtriving which ſhould beſt become her grief:
All entertain'd, each paſſion labours ſo,
That every preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chief.
But none is beſt, then join they all together,
Like many clouds conſulting for foul weather.

By this, far off, ſhe hears ſome huntſman hollow;
A nurſe's ſong ne'er pleas'd her babe ſo well.
The dire imagination ſhe did follow,
This ſound of hope doth labour to expel:
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is *Adonis'* voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being priſon'd in her eye, like pearls in glaſs:
Yet ſometime falls an orient drop beſide,
Which her cheek melts, as ſcorning it ſhould paſs
To waſh the foul face of the ſluttiſh ground,
Who is but drunken when ſhe ſeemeth drown'd.

O hard believing love! how ſtrange it ſeems
Not to believe! and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Deſpair and hope make thee ridiculous!
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now ſhe unweaves the web that ſhe had wrought,
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame:
It was not ſhe that call'd him all to nought,
Now ſhe adds honour to his hateful name:
She 'cleeps him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperial ſupreme of mortal things.

No, no, (quoth ſhe) ſweet death, I did but jeſt;
Yet pardon me, I felt, a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody beaſt,
Which knows no pity, but is ſtill ſevere.
Then gentle ſhadow (truth I muſt confeſs)
I rail'd on thee fearing my love's deceaſe.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue!
Be wreak'd on him (inviſible commander!)
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy ſlander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Cou'd rule them both without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is alive,
Her raſh ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate:
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death ſhe humbly doth inſinuate:
Tells him of trophies, ſtatues, tombs, and ſtories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O *Jove!* quoth ſhe, how much a fool was I,
To be of ſuch a weak and ſilly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and muſt not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlain,
And beauty dead black chaos comes again.

Fye! fye! fond love, thou art ſo full of fear,
As one with treaſure laden, hemm'd with thieves:
Trifles (unwitneſſed with eye or ear)
Thy coward heart, with falſe bethinking grieves.
Even at this word ſhe hears a merry horn,
Whereat ſhe leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies:
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light,
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight.
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again:
So, at his bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head.

Where they resign'd their office and their light,
To the disposing of her troubled brain:
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again:
Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestions gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes,
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terrors doth mens minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes.

And, being open'd, threw unwilling sight
Upon the wide wound, that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd.
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor *Venus* noteth,
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt ſhe looks ſo ſtedfaſtly,
That her ſight dazling, makes the wound ſeem three;
And then ſhe reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gaſhes where no breach ſhould be:
His face ſeems twain, each ſeveral limb is doubled,
For oft the eye miſtakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot expreſs my grief for one;
And yet (quoth ſhe) behold two *Adons* dead!
My ſighs are blown away, my ſalt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy hearts lead melt at mine eyes as fire,
So ſhall I die by drops of hot deſire.

Alas, poor world! what treaſure haſt thou loſt!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whoſe tongue is muſic now? what canſt thou boaſt
Of things long ſince, or any thing enſuing?
The flowers are ſweet, their colours freſh and trim,
But true ſweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet, or veil, henceforth no creature wear;
Nor ſun, nor wind will ever ſtrive to kiſs you:
Having no fair to loſe, you need not fear;
The ſun doth ſcorn you, and the wind doth hiſs you.
But when *Adonis* liv'd, ſun and ſharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

And therefore wou'd he put his bonnet on,
Under whoſe brim the gaudy ſun wou'd peep;
The wind wou'd blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his locks, then wou'd *Adonis* weep:
And ſtraight, in pity of his tender years,
They both wou'd ſtrive who firſt ſhou'd dry his tears.

To ſee his face, the lion walks along
Behind ſome hedge, becauſe he wou'd not fear him;
To recreate himſelf when he hath ſung,
The tyger wou'd be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had ſpoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the ſilly lamb that day.

When he beheld his ſhadow in a brook,
There fiſhes ſpread on it their golden gills:
When he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure took,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his ſight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin ſnouted boar,
Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a grave,
Ne'er ſaw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witneſs the entertainment that he gave.
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſs him, and hath kill'd him ſo.

'Tis true, true, true, thus was *Adonis* ſlain,
He ran upon the boar with his ſharp ſpear,
Who wou'd not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiſs thought to perſuade him there:
And nouſling in his flank, the loving ſwine
Sheath'd unaware his tuſk in his ſoft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I muſt confeſs,
With kiſſing him, I ſhou'd have kill'd him firſt.
But he is dead, and never did he bleſs
My mouth with his; the more am I accurs'd.
With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whiſpers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woful words ſhe told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps burnt out in darkneſs lies.

Two glaſſes, where herſelf herſelf beheld
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue loſt, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect.
Wonder of time! (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,
That, your being dead, the day ſhould yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I propheſy
Sorrow on love hereafter ſhall attend;
It ſhall be waited on with jealouſy,
Find ſweet beginning, but unſavoury end,
Ne'er ſettled equally to high or low;
That all love's pleaſures ſhall not match his woe.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing while,
The bottom poiſon, and the top o'er-ſtraw'd
With ſweets, that ſhall the ſharpeſt ſight beguile.
The ſtrongeſt body ſhall it make moſt weak,
Strike the wiſe dumb, and teach the fool to ſpeak.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures;
The ſtaring ruffian ſhall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treaſures;
It ſhall be raging mad, and ſilly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no cauſe of fear;
It ſhall not fear, where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt;
It ſhall be merciful and too ſevere,
And moſt deceiving when it ſeems moſt juſt;
Perverſe it ſhall be, when it ſeems moſt toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be cauſe of war and dire events,
And ſet diſſenſion 'twixt the ſon and ſire;
Subject and ſervile to all diſcontents,
As dry combuſtious matter is to fire.
Sith, in his prime, death doth my love deſtroy,
They that love beſt their love ſhall not enjoy.

By this the boy that by her ſide lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay ſpill'd,
A purple flower ſprung up chequer'd with white,
Reſembling well his pale cheeks and the blood,
Which in round drops upon their whiteneſs ſtood.

She bows her head the new-ſprung flower to ſmell,
Comparing it to her *Adonis'* breath:
And ſays, within her boſom it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelf is reft from her by death:
She crops the ſtalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping ſap, which ſhe compares to tears.

Poor flower! (quoth ſhe) this was thy father's guiſe,
(Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet-ſmelling fire)
For every little grief to wet his eyes,
To grow unto himſelf was his deſire,
And ſo 'tis thine; but know it is as good
To wither in my breaſt, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here is my breaſt,
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy reſt,
My throbbing heart ſhall rock thee day and night:
There ſhall not be one minute of an hour,
Wherein I will not kiſs my ſweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſilver doves, by whoſe ſwift aid,
Their miſtreſs mounted, thro' the empty ſkies,
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their courſe to *Paphos*, where their queen
Means to immure herſelf, and not be ſeen.

TARQUIN

AND

LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

Earl of SOUTHAMPTON, and Baron of TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE love I dedicate to your lordſhip is without end: whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a ſuperfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable diſpoſition, not the worth of my untutored lines, make it aſſured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty ſhould ſhew greater: mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordſhip: to whom I wiſh long life, ſtill lengthened with all happineſs.

Your Lordſhip's in all duty,

WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

POETRY.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS Tarquinius (for his exceſſive pride ſurnamed *Superbus*) after he had cauſed his father-in-law, *Servius Tullius*, to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the *Roman* laws and cuſtoms, not requiring or ſtaying for the people's ſuffrages, had poſſeſſed himſelf of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his ſons, and other noblemen of *Rome*, to beſiege *Ardea*. During which ſiege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of *Sextus Tarquinius*, the king's ſon, in their diſcourſes after ſupper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom *Colatinus* extolled the incomparable chaſtity of his wife *Lucrece*. In that pleaſant humour they all poſted to *Rome*; and intending by their ſecret and ſudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched: only *Colatinus* finds his wife (though it were late in the night) ſpinning amongſt her maids, the other ladies were found all dancing and revelling, or in ſeveral diſports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded *Colatinus* the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time, *Sextus Tarquinius* being inflamed with *Lucrece*'s beauty, yet ſmothering his paſſion for the preſent, departed with the reſt back to the camp; from whence he ſhortly after privily withdrew himſelf, and was (according to his ſtate) royally entertained, and lodged by *Lucrece* at *Colatium*. The ſame night, he treacherouſly ſtealing into her chamber, violently

violently raviſhed her; and early in the morning ſpeeded away. *Lucrece*, in this lamentable plight, haſtily diſpatched meſſengers, one to *Rome* for her father, another to the camp for *Colatine*. They came, the one accompanied with *Junius Brutus*, the other with *Publius Valerius*: and finding *Lucrece* attired in a mourning habit, demanded the cauſe of her ſorrow. She firſt taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole matter of his dealing, and withal ſuddenly ſtabbed herſelf. Which done, with one conſent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the *Tarquins*: and bearing the dead body to *Rome*, *Brutus* acquainted the people with the doer, and manner of the vile deed; with a bitter invective againſt the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were ſo moved, that with one conſent, and a general acclamation, the *Tarquins* were all exiled, and the ſtate-government changed, from kings to conſuls.

TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

FROM the beſieg'd *Ardea* all in poſt,
Borne by the truſtleſs wings of falſe deſire,
Luſt-breathing *Tarquin* leaves the *Roman* hoſt,
And to *Colatium* bears the lightleſs fire,
Which in pale embers hid, lurks to aſpire,
And girdle, with imbracing flames, the waſte
Of *Colatine*'s fair love, *Lucrece* the chaſte.

Haply that name of chaſte, unhaply ſet
This baitleſs edge on his keen appetite:
When *Colatine* unwiſely did not let,
To praiſe the clear unmatched red and white,
Which triumph'd in that ſky of his delight;
Where mortal ſtar, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aſpects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in *Tarquin*'s tent,
Unlock'd the treaſure of his happy ſtate:
What prizeleſs wealth the heavens had him lent,
In the poſſeſſion of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at ſo high a rate,
That kings might be eſpouſed to more fame,
But king nor prince to ſuch a peerleſs dame.

O happineſs enjoy'd but of a few!
And if poſſeſs'd, as ſoon decay'd and done!
As is the morning's ſilver melting dew,
Againſt the golden ſplendor of the ſun;
A date expir'd and cancel'd ere begun.
Honour and beauty in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortreſt from a world of harms.

Beauty itſelf doth of itſelf perſuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needed then apologies be made,
To ſet forth that which is ſo ſingular?
Or why is *Colatine* the publiſher
Of that rich jewel he ſhould keep unknown
From thieviſh cares, becauſe it is his own?

Perchance his boaſt of *Lucrece'* ſov'reignty
Suggeſted this proud iſſue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be.
Perchance, that envy of ſo rich a thing
Braving compare, diſdainfully did ſting
His high-pitcht thoughts, that meaner men ſhould vaunt
The golden-hap, which their ſuperiors want.

But ſome untimely thought did inſtigate
His all too timeleſs ſpeed, if none of thoſe.
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his ſtate,
Neglected all, with ſwift intent he goes
To quench the coal, which in his liver glows.
O raſh falſe heat wrapt in repentant cold!
Thy haſty ſpring ſtill blaſts, and ne'er grows old.

When at *Colatium* this falſe lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the *Roman* dame,
Within whoſe face beauty and virtue ſtriv'd,
Which of them both ſhould underprop her fame.
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would bluſh for ſhame;
When beauty boaſted bluſhes, in deſpight,
Virtue would ſtain that o'er with ſilver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From *Venus'* doves doth challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Her silver cheeks, and call'd it then her shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in *Lucrece'* face was seen,
Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white;
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right;
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:
The sov'reignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which *Tarquin* view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye incloses,
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph o'er so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal, that prais'd her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show.
Therefore that praise, which *Collatine* doth owe,
Inchanted *Tarquin* answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspected the false worshipper.
'For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream of evil,
'Birds never lim'd, no secret bushes fear:'
So guiltless she securely gives good chear
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm expiest,

For that he colour'd with his high eſtate,
Hiding baſe ſin in pleats of majeſty,
That nothing in him ſeem'd inordinate,
Save ſometimes too much wonder of his eye:
Which having all, all could not ſatisfy;
But poorly rich ſo wanteth in his ſtore,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth ſtill for more.

But ſhe that never cop'd with ſtranger-eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the ſubtle ſhining ſecreſies
Writ in the glaſſy margents of ſuch books,
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could ſhe moralize his wanton ſight
More, than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He ſtories to her ears her huſband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful *Italy*;
And decks with praiſes *Colatine*'s high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruiſed arms and wreaths of victory.
Her joy with heav'd-up hand ſhe doth expreſs,
And wordleſs, ſo greets heav'n for his ſucceſs.

Far from the purpoſe of his coming thither,
He makes excuſes for his being there;
No cloudy ſhow of ſtormy bluſt'ring weather,
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear,
Till ſable night, ſad ſource of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkneſs doth diſplay,
And in her vaulty priſon ſhuts the day.

For then is *Tarquin* brought unto his bed,
Intending wearineſs with heavy ſprite;
For after ſupper long he queſtioned
With modeſt *Lucrece*, and wore out the night.
Now leaden ſlumber with life's ſtrength doth fight,
And every one to reſt themſelves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which, doth *Tarquin* lie revolving
The ſundry dangers of his will's obtaining,
Yet ever to obtain his will reſolving,
Tho' weak-built hopes perſuade him to abſtaining;
Deſpair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining:
And when great treaſure is the meed propos'd,
Tho' death be adjunct, there's no death ſuppos'd.

Thoſe that much covet are of gain ſo fond,
That oft they have not that which they poſſeſs;
They ſcatter and unlooſe it from their bond,
And ſo by hoping more, they have but leſs;
Or gaining more, the profit of exceſs
Is but to ſurfeit, and ſuch griefs ſuſtain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor, rich, gain.

The aim of all, is but to nurſe the life
With honour, wealth and eaſe in waining age:
And in this aim there is ſuch thwarting ſtrife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour, in fell battles rage,
Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth coſt
The death of all, and altogether loſt.

So that in venturing all, we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: ſo then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now muſt doating *Tarquin* make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his luſt:
And for himſelf, himſelf he muſt forſake;
Then where is truth, if there be no ſelf-truſt?
When ſhall he think to find a ſtranger juſt,
When he himſelf, himſelf confounds, betrays,
To ſland'rous tongues the wretched hateful lays?

Now ſtole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy ſleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable ſtar did lend his light,
No noiſe but owls, and wolves death-boding cries:
Now ſerves the ſeaſon, that they may ſurprize
The ſilly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and ſtill,
Whilſt luſt and murder wakes to ſtain and kill.

And now this luſtful lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,
Is madly toſt between deſire and dread;
Th' one ſweetly flatters, the other feareth harm:
But honeſt fear, bewitch'd with luſt's foul charm,
Doth too, too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brainſick rude deſire.

His fauchion on a flint he ſoftly ſmiteth,
That from the cold ſtone ſparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which muſt be load-ſtar to his luſtful eye:
And to the flame thus ſpeaks adviſedly;
'As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
'So *Lucrece* muſt I force to my deſire.'

Here pale with fear, he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathſome enterprize;
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following ſorrow may on this ariſe:
Then looking ſcornfully he doth deſpiſe
His naked armour of ſtill ſlaughter'd luſt,
And juſtly thus controuls his thoughts unjuſt.

Fair torch burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her, whoſe light excelleth thine:
And die unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanneſs, that which is divine.
Offer pure incenſe to ſo pure a ſhrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed,
That ſpots and ſtains love's modeſt ſnow-white weed.

O ſhame to knighthood, and to ſhining arms!
O foul diſhonour to my houſhold's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be ſoft fancy's ſlave!
True valour ſtill a true reſpect ſhould have.
Then my digreſſion is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yes, tho' I die, the ſcandal will ſurvive,
And be an eye-ſore in my golden coat:
Some loathſome daſh the herald will contrive
To cypher me how fondly I did dote:
That my poſterity ſhamed with the note,
Shall curſe my bones, and hold it for no ſin,
To wiſh that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I ſeek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy,
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?
Or ſells eternity to get a toy?
For one ſweet grape, who will the vine deſtroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the ſcepter ſtrait be ſtrucken down?

If *Colatinus* dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a deſperate rage
Poſt hither, this vile purpoſe to prevent?
This ſiege, that hath ingirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this ſorrow to the ſage,
This dying virtue, this ſurviving ſhame,
Whoſe crime will bear an ever-during blame.

O what excuſe can my invention make,
When thou ſhalt charge me with ſo black a deed!
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints ſhake?
Mine eyes forego their light, my falſe heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth ſtill exceed,
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had *Colatinus* kill'd my ſon or ſire,
Or lain in ambuſh to betray my life;
Or were he not my dear friend, this deſire
Might have excuſe to work upon his wife;
As in revenge or quital of ſuch ſtrife:
  But as he is my kinſman, my dear friend,
  The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe nor end.

Shameful it is, if once the fact be known;
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving.
I'll beg her love; but ſhe is not her own:
The worſt is but denial, and reproving;
My will is ſtrong, paſt reaſon's weak removing.
  Who fears a ſentence, or an old man's ſaw,
  Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus (graceleſs) holds he diſputation,
'Tween frozen conſcience and hot-burning will;
And with good thoughts makes diſpenſation,
Urging the worſer ſenſe for 'vantage ſtill;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
  All pure effects, and doth ſo far proceed,
  That what is vile ſhews like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, ſhe took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing ſome bad news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved *Colatinus* lies.
O how her fear did make her colour riſe?
  Firſt, red as roſes, that on lawn we lay,
  Then white as lawn, the roſes took away.

And now her hand in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear:
Which ſtrook her ſad, and then it faſter rock'd,
Until her huſband's welfare ſhe did hear;
Whereat ſhe ſmiled with ſo ſweet a chear,
  That had *Narciſſus* ſeen her as ſhe ſtood,
  Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuſes?
All orators are dumb, when beauty pleads.
Poor wretches have remorſe in poor abuſes;
Love thrives not in the heart, that ſhadows dreads.
Affection is my captain, and he leads;
And when his gaudy banner is diſplay'd,
The coward fights, and will not be diſmay'd.

Then childiſh fear avant! debating die!
Reſpect and reaſon wait on wrinkled age!
My heart ſhall never countermand mine eye,
Sad pauſe and deep regard beſeems the ſage;
My part is youth, and beats theſe from the ſtage.
Deſire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears ſinking, where ſuch treaſure lies

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, ſo heedful fear
Is almoſt choak'd by unreſiſted luſt.
Away he ſteals with open liſt'ning ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond miſtruſt;
Both which, as ſervitors to the unjuſt,
So croſs him with their oppoſite perſuaſion,
That now he vows a league, and now invaſion.

Within his thought her heavenly image ſits,
And in the ſelf-ſame ſeat ſits *Colatine*,
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view ſo falſe will not incline:
But with a pure appeal ſeeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worſer part.

And therein heartens up his ſervile powers,
Who flatter'd by their leaders jocund ſhow,
Stuff up his luſt, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain ſo their pride doth grow,
Paying more ſlaviſh tribute than they owe.
By reprobate deſire thus madly led,
The *Roman* lord doth march to *Lucrece'* bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, recites his ward;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to ſome regard:
The threſhold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wand'ring weezles ſhriek to ſee him there,
They fright him, yet he ſtill purſues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Thro' little vents and crannies of the place,
The wind wars with his torch to make him ſtay,
And blows the ſmoke of it into his face,
Extinguiſhing his conduct in this caſe.
But his hot heart, which fond deſire doth ſcorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted by the light he ſpies
Lucretia's glove, wherein the needle ſticks;
He takes it from the ruſhes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks:
As who ſhould ſay, This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haſte,
Thou ſeeſt our miſtreſs' ornaments are chaſte.

But all theſe poor forbiddings could not ſtay him,
He in the worſt ſenſe conſtrues their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial,
Or as thoſe bars which ſtop the hourly dial;
Which with a lingring ſtay his courſe doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, ſo, quoth he, theſe lets attend the time,
Like little froſts, that ſometime threat the ſpring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the ſneaped birds more cauſe to ſing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, ſtrong pirates, ſhelves and ſands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That ſhuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the bleſſed thing he ſought,
So from himſelf impiety hath wrought;
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens ſhould countenance his ſin.

But in the midſt of his unfruitful prayer,
Having ſolicited th' eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compaſs his fair fair,
And they would ſtand auſpicious to the hour;
Even there he ſtarts, quoth he, I muſt deflour!
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then aſſiſt me in the act?

Then love and fortune be my gods, my guide,
My will is back'd with reſolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be try'd,
Black ſin is clear'd with abſolution;
Againſt love's fire, fear's froſt hath diſſolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and miſty night
Covers the ſhame that follows ſweet delight.

This ſaid, the guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide;
The dove ſleeps faſt, that this night owl will catch:
Thus treaſon works ere traitors be eſpy'd.
Who ſees the lurking ſerpent, ſteps aſide;
But ſhe found ſleeping, fearing no ſuch thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal ſting.

Into the chamber wickedly he ſtalks,
And gazeth on her yet unſtained bed:
The curtains being cloſe, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head,
By their high treaſon in his heart miſled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand too ſoon,
To draw the cloud that hides the ſilver moon.

Look as the fair and fiery pointed ſun,
Ruſhing from forth a cloud, bereaves our ſight;
Even ſo the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that ſhe reflects ſo bright,
That dazleth them, or elſe ſome ſhame ſuppos'd;
But blind they are, and keep themſelves inclos'd.

O had they in that darkſome priſon died!
Then had they ſeen the period of their ill;
Then *Colatine* again by *Lucrece'* ſide,
In his clear bed might have repoſed ſtill.
But they muſt ope this bleſſed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted *Lucrece* to their ſight
Muſt ſell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her roſy cheeks lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiſs;
Which therefore angry, ſeems to part in ſunder,
Swelling on either ſide to want his bliſs:
Between whoſe hills, her head intombed is;
Where like a virtuous monument ſhe lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet, whoſe perfect white
Shew'd like an *April* daizy on the graſs,
With pearly ſweat, reſembling dew of night.
Her eyes like marigolds had ſheath'd their light,
And canopy'd in darkneſs ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair like golden threads play'd with her breath;
O modeſt wantons, wanton modeſty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality.
Each in her ſleep themſelves ſo beautify,
As if between them twain there were no ſtrife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered:
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in *Tarquin*, new ambition bred,
Who like a foul usurper went about,
From this fair throne to have the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doated,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfy'd:
So o'er this sleeping soul doth *Tarquin* stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualify'd,
Slack'd, not suppress; for standing by her side,
His eye which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor childrens tears, nor mothers groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting.
Anon his beating heart alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye:
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoaking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breasts, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They muſt'ring to the quiet cabinet,
Where their dear governeſs and lady lies,
Do tell her ſhe is dreadfully beſet,
And fright her with confuſion of their cries.
She much amaz'd breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes;
Who peeping forth, this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controul'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
Forth from dull ſleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks ſhe has beheld ſome ghaſtly ſprite,
Whoſe grim aſpect ſets every joint a ſhaking,
What terror 'tis: but ſhe in worſer taking,
From ſleep diſturbed, heedfully doth view
The ſight, which makes ſuppoſed terror rue.

Wrapt and confounded in a thouſand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird ſhe trembling lies:
She dares not look, yet winking there appear
Quick ſhifting anticks ugly in her eyes,
Such ſhadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkneſs daunts them with more dreadful ſights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breaſt,
(Rude ram! to batter ſuch an ivory wall)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) diſtreſt,
Wounding itſelf to death, riſe up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand ſhakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
To make the breach, and enter this ſweet city.

Firſt like a trumpet doth his tongue begin
To ſound a parley to his heartleſs foe,
Who o'er the white ſheet peers her whiter chin,
The reaſon of this alarum to know,
Which he by dumb demeanor ſeeks to ſhow;
But ſhe with vehement prayers urgeth ſtill,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red roſe bluſh at her own diſgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale.
Under that colour am I come to ſcale
Thy never-conquer'd fort, the fault is thine,
For thoſe thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I foreſtal thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath inſnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience muſt my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer fought with all my might.
But as reproof and reaſon beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty it was newly bred.

I ſee what croſſes my attempts will bring;
I know what thorns the growing roſe defends;
I think the honey guarded with a ſting.
All this before-hand counſel comprehends;
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends.
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And doats on what he looks, 'gainſt law or duty.

I have debated, even in my ſoul,
What wrong, what ſhame, what ſorrow I ſhall breed;
But nothing can affection's courſe controul,
Or ſtop the headlong fury of his ſpeed.
I know repentant tears inſue the deed,
Reproach, diſdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet ſtrive I to embrace mine infamy.

This ſaid, he ſhakes aloft his *Roman* blade,
Which like a faulcon towering in the ſkies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings ſhade,
Whoſe crooked beak threats, if he mount he dies:
So under his inſulting fauchion lies
Harmleſs *Lucretia*, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowls hear faulcon's bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I muſt enjoy thee,
If thou deny, then force muſt work my way;
For in thy bed I purpoſe to deſtroy thee:
That done, ſome worthleſs ſlave of thine I'll ſlay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I ſlew him, ſeeing thee embrace him.

So thy ſurviving huſband ſhall remain
The ſcornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinſmen hang their heads at this diſdain,
Thy iſſue blurr'd with nameleſs baſtardy;
And thou the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy treſpaſs cited up in rhymes,
And ſung by children in ſucceeding times.

But if thou yield, I reſt thy ſecret friend,
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poiſonous ſimple ſometimes is compacted
In pureſt compounds; being ſo apply'd,
His venom in effect is purify'd.

Then for thy huſband and thy childrens' ſake,
Tender my ſuit, bequeath not to their lot
The ſhame that from them no device can take,
The blemiſh that will never be forgot,
Worſe than a ſlaviſh wipe, or birth-hour's blot:
For marks deſcrib'd in mens nativity,
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice dead-killing eye,
He rouſeth up himſelf, and makes a pauſe;
While ſhe, the picture of true piety,
Like a white hind beneath a gripe's ſharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderneſs, where are no laws,
To the rough beaſt that knows no gentle right,
Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

As when a black-fac'd cloud the world does threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountain hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust does get,
Which blow these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindring their present fall by this dividing:
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody *Pluto* winks, while *Orpheus* plays.

Like foul night-waking cat he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth;
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf, that e'en in plenty wanteth;
His ear her prayer admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining;
Tears harden lust, tho' marble wears with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face:
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high Almighty *Jove*,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath;
By her untimely tears, her husband's love;
By holy human law, and common troth;
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both;
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee,
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended:
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended.
He is no woodman, that doth bend his bow,
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My huſband is thy friend, for his ſake ſpare me;
Thyſelf art mighty, for thy own ſake leave me;
Myſelf a weakling, do not then inſnare me;
Thou look'ſt not like deceit, do not deceive me;
My ſighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heave thee.
If ever man was mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my ſighs, my groans.

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To ſoften it with their continual motion;
For ſtones diſſolv'd to water do convert.
O! if no harder than a ſtone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compaſſionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In *Tarquin*'s likeneſs I did entertain thee,
Haſt thou put on his ſhape to do him ſhame?
To all the hoſt of heaven I complain me;
Thou wrong'ſt his honour, wound'ſt his princely name:
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt; and if the ſame,
Thou ſeem'ſt not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings, like gods, ſhould govern every thing.

How will thy ſhame be ſeeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring?
If in thy hope thou dar'ſt do ſuch outrage,
What dar'ſt thou not when once thou art a king?
O! be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vaſſal actors can be wip'd away,
Then kings miſdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed ſhall make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs ſtill are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce muſt bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove.
For princes are the glaſs, the ſchool, the book,
Where ſubjects eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the ſchool where luſt ſhall learn?
Muſt he in thee read lectures of ſuch ſhame?
Wilt thou be glaſs, wherein it ſhall diſcern
Authority for ſin, warrant for blame?
To privilege diſhonour in thy name,
Thou back'ſt reproach againſt long-living laud,
And mak'ſt fair reputation but a bawd.

Haſt thou commanded? By him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy ſword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canſt thou fulfil,
When pattern'd by thy fault, foul ſin may ſay,
He learn'd to ſin, and thou didſt teach the way?

Think but how vile a ſpectacle it were,
To view thy preſent treſpaſs in another:
Mens faults do ſeldom to themſelves appear,
Their own tranſgreſſions partially they ſmother;
This guilt would ſeem death-worthy in thy brother.
O! how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That from their own miſdeeds aſkaunce their eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to ſeducing luſt's outrageous fire;
I ſue for exil'd majeſty's repeal,
Let him return and flattering thoughts retire.
His true reſpect will priſon falſe deſire,
And wipe the dim miſt from thy doating eyne,
That thou ſhalt ſee thy ſtate and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he, my uncontrouled tide
Turns not, but ſwells the higher by this let;
Small lights are ſoon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty ſtreams that pay a daily debt
To their ſalt ſovereign with their freſh falſe haſte,
Add to his flow, but alter not the taſte.

Thou art (quoth ſhe) a ſea, a ſovereign king,
And lo! there falls into thy boundleſs flood
Black luſt, diſhonour, ſhame, miſgoverning,
Who ſeek to ſtain the ocean of thy blood.
If all theſe petty ills ſhould change thy good,
Thy ſea within a puddle womb is burſt,
And not the puddle in thy ſea diſpers'd.

So ſhall theſe ſlaves be king, and thou their ſlave;
Thou nobly baſe, they baſely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in thy ſhame, they in thy pride:
The leſſer thing ſhould not the greater hide.
The cedar ſtoops not to the baſe ſhrub's foot,
But low ſhrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts low vaſſals to thy ſtate.—
No more, quoth he, by heaven I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Inſtead of love's coy touch, ſhall rudely tear thee:
That done, deſpitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the baſe bed of ſome raſcal groom,
To be thy partner in this ſhameful doom.

This ſaid, he ſets his foot upon the light,
For light and luſt are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When moſt unſeen, then moſt doth tyrannize.
The wolf has ſeiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece her voice controul'd,
Intombs her outcry in her lips ſweet fold.

For with the nightly linen, that ſhe wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chaſteſt tears,
That ever modeſt eyes with ſorrow ſhed.
O that foul luſt ſhould ſtain ſo pure a bed!
The ſpots whereof, could weeping purify,
Her tears ſhould drop on them perpetually.

But ſhe hath loſt a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would loſe again;
This forced league doth force a further ſtrife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot deſire converts to cold diſdain.
Pure chaſtity is rifled of her ſtore,
And luſt, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender ſmell, or ſpeedy flight,
Make ſlow purſuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight:
So ſurfeit-taking *Tarquin* fears this night;
His taſte delicious, in digeſtion ſouring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O! deeper ſin, than bottomleſs conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination!
Drunken deſire muſt vomit his receit,
Ere he can ſee his own abomination.
While luſt is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his raſh deſire,
Till, like a jade, ſelf-will himſelf doth tire.

And then with lank and lean diſcolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and ſtrengthleſs pace,
Feeble deſire all recreant, poor and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his caſe:
The fleſh being proud, deſire does fight with grace,
For there it revels, and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remiſſion prays.

So fares it with this fault-full lord of *Rome*,
Who this accompliſhment ſo hotly chas'd:
For now againſt himſelf he ſounds this doom,
That thro' the length of time he ſtands diſgrac'd;
Beſides, his ſoul's fair temple is defac'd;
To whoſe weak ruins muſter troops of care,
To aſk the ſpotted princeſs how ſhe fares.

She ſays, her ſubjects with foul inſurrection
Have batter'd down her conſecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in ſubjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her preſcience ſhe controuled ſtill,
But her foreſight could not foreſtall their will.

E'en in this thought through the dark night he ſtealeth,
A captive victor, that hath loſt in gain:
Bearing away the wound, that nothing healeth,
The ſcar that will, deſpite of cure, remain:
Leaving his ſpoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of luſt he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thieviſh dog creeps ſadly thence,
She like a weary'd lamb lies panting there:
He ſcowls and hates himſelf for his offence,
She deſperate, with her nails her fleſh doth tear:
He faintly flies, ſweating with guilty fear:
She ſtays exclaiming on the direful night,
He runs and chides his vaniſh'd loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeleſs caſt-away:
He in his ſpeed looks for the morning-light;
She prays ſhe never may behold the day:
For day (quoth ſhe) night-ſcapes doth open lay;
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can ſee
The ſame diſgrace which they themſelves behold;
And therefore would they ſtill in darkneſs lie,
To have their unſeen ſin remain untold.
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in ſteel,
Upon their cheeks what helpleſs ſhame they feel.

Here ſhe exclaims againſt repoſe and reſt,
And bids her eyes hereafter ſtill be blind:
She wakes her heart by beating on her breaſt,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer cheſt to cloſe ſo pure a mind.
Frantic with grief, thus breathes ſhe forth her ſpight
Againſt the unſeen ſecrecy of night.

O comfort-killing night! image of hell!
Dim regiſter! and notary of ſhame!
Black ſtage for tragedies! and murders fell!
Vaſt ſin-concealing chaos! nurſe of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour of defame!
Grim cave of death! whiſpering conſpirator
With cloſe-tongued treaſon and the raviſher!

O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureleſs crime,
Muſter thy miſts to meet the eaſtern light,
Make war againſt proportion'd courſe of time:
Or if thou wilt permit the ſun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poiſonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps raviſh the morning air,
Let their exhal'd unwholeſome breaths make ſick
The life of purity, the ſupreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick:
And let thy miſty vapours march ſo thick,
That in their ſmoaky ranks his ſmother'd light
May ſet at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were *Tarquin* night, as he is but night's child,
The ſilver-ſhining queen him would diſdain;
Her twinkling handmaids too (by him defil'd)
Thro' night's black boſom ſhould not peep again.
So ſhould I have copartners in my pain:
And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſuage,
As palmers, that make ſhort their pilgrimage.

Where now? have I no one to bluſh with me?
To croſs their arms, and hang their heads with mine;
To maſk their brows, and hide their infamy.
But I alone, alone muſt ſit and pine;
Seaſoning the earth with ſhowers of ſilver brine;
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor waſting monuments of laſting moans.

O night! thou furnace of foul-reeking ſmoke!
Let not the jealous day behold that face,
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloke
Immodeſtly lies martyr'd with diſgrace.
Keep ſtill poſſeſſion of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults, which in thy reign are made,
May likewiſe be ſepulchred in thy ſhade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day;
The light ſhall ſhew, character'd in my brow,
The ſtory of ſweet chaſtity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow.
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cypher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathſome treſpaſs in my looks.

The nurſe, to ſtill her child, will tell my ſtory,
And fright her crying babe with *Tarquin*'s name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to *Tarquin*'s ſhame.
Feaſt-finding minſtrels, tuning my defame,
Will tye the hearers to attend each line,
How *Tarquin* wronged me, I *Colatine*.

Let my good name, that ſenſeleſs reputation,
For *Colatine*'s dear love be kept unſpotted:
If that be made a theme for diſputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeſerv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to *Colatine*.

O unſeen ſhame! inviſible diſgrace;
O unfelt ſore! creſt-wounding private ſcar!
Reproach is ſtampt in *Colatinus'* face,
And *Tarquin*'s eye may read the mote afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas! how many bear ſuch ſhameful blows,
Which not themſelves, but he that gives them knows?

If, *Colatine*, thine honour lay in me,
From me, by ſtrong aſſault, it is bereft:
My honey loſt, and I a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my ſummer left,
But robb'd and ranſack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wand'ring waſp hath crept,
And ſuck'd the honey which thy chaſte bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck?
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been diſhonour to diſdain him.
Beſides, of wearineſs he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd for evil;
When virtue is profan'd in ſuch a devil!

Why ſhould the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckows hatch in ſparrows neſts?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breaſts?
Or kings be breakers of their own beheſts?
But no perfection is ſo abſolute,
That ſome impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man, that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits;
And ſcarce hath eyes his treaſure to behold:
But ſtill like pining *Tantalus* he ſits,
And uſeleſs bans the harveſt of his wits.
Having no other pleaſure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it, when he cannot uſe it,
And leaves it to be maſter'd by his young,
Who in their pride do preſently abuſe it:
Their father was too weak, and they too ſtrong,
To hold their curſed bleſſed fortune long.
The ſweets we wiſh for, turn to loathed ſours,
E'en in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blaſts wait on the tender ſpring;
Unwholſome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hiſſeth where the ſweet birds ſing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good, that we can ſay is ours.
But ill annexed opportunity,
Or kills his life, or elſe his quality.

O! opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'ſt the traitor's treaſon:
Thou ſet'ſt the wolf where he the lamb may get,
Whoever plots the ſin, thou point'ſt the ſeaſon;
'Tis thou that ſpurn'ſt at right, at law, at reaſon:
And in thy ſhady cell, where none may ſpy her,
Sits ſin to ſeize the ſouls that wander by her.

Thou mak'ſt the veſtal violate her oath;
Thou blow'ſt the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou ſmother'ſt honeſty, thou murder'ſt troth:
Thou foul abettor, thou notorious bawd!
Thou planteſt ſcandal, and diſplaceth laud.
Thou raviſher, thou traitor, thou falſe thief!
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

Thy ſecret pleaſure turns to open ſhame;
Thy private feaſting to a public faſt;
Thy ſmothering titles to a ragged name;
Thy ſugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taſte:
Thy violent vanities can never laſt.
How comes it, then, vile opportunity,
Being ſo bad, ſuch numbers ſeek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble ſuppliant's friend?
And bring him where his ſuit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou ſort an hour great ſtrifes to end?
Or free that ſoul, which wretchedneſs hath chain'd?
Give phyſic to the ſick, eaſe to the pain'd?
  The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee,
  But they ne'er met with opportunity.

The patient dies, while the phyſician ſleeps;
The orphan pines, while the oppreſſor feeds;
Juſtice is feaſting, while the widow weeps;
Advice is ſporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'ſt no time for charitable deeds.
  Wrath, envy, treaſon, rape and murder rages,
  Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When truth and virtue have to do with thee,
A thouſand croſſes keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but ſin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaid,
As well to hear as grant what he hath ſaid.
  My *Colatine* would elſe have come to me,
  When *Tarquin* did, but he was ſtaid by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and ſubornation;
Guilty of treaſon, forgery and ſhift;
Guilty of inceſt, that abomination:
An acceſſary by thine inclination
  To all ſins paſt, and all that are to come,
  From the creation to the general doom.

Miſhapen time, copeſmate of ugly night;
Swift ſubtle poſt, carrier of griſly care;
Eater of youth, falſe ſlave to falſe delight,
Baſe watch of woes, ſin's pack-horſe, virtue's ſnare;
Thou nurſeſt all, and murdereſt all that are.
  O hear me then, injurious ſhifting time!
  Be guilty of my death, ſince of my crime.

Why hath thy ſervant opportunity,
Betrayed the hours thou gav'ſt me to repoſe?
Cancell'd my fortunes, and inchained me
To endleſs date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to find the hate of foes,
To eat up error by opinion bred,
Not ſpend the dow'ry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings;
To unmaſk falſhood, and bring truth to light;
To ſtamp the ſeal of time on aged things;
To wake the morn, and centinel the night;
To wrong the wronger, till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And ſmear with duſt their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes ſtately monuments;
To feed oblivion with decay of things;
To blot old books, and alter their contents;
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens wings;
To dry the old oak's ſap, and cheriſh ſprings;
To ſpoil antiquities of hammer'd ſteel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

To ſhew the beldame daughters of her daughter;
To make the child a man, the man a child;
To ſlay the tyger, that doth live by ſlaughter;
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the ſubtle in themſelves beguil'd;
To chear the plowman with increaſeful crops,
And waſte huge ſtones with little water-drops.

Why work'ſt thou miſchief in thy pilgrimage,
Unleſs thou could'ſt return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute, in an age,
Would purchaſe thee a thouſand thouſand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends.
O, this dread night! would'ſt thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this ſtorm, and ſhun this wrack.

Thou ceaſeleſs lackey to eternity,
With ſome miſchance croſs *Tarquin* in his flight;
Deviſe extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curſe this curſed crimeful night:
Let ghaſtly ſhadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every buſh a hideous ſhapeleſs devil.

Diſturb his hours of reſt with reſtleſs trances;
Afflict him in his bed with bed-rid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful miſchances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than ſtones,
And let mild women to him loſe their mildneſs,
Wilder to him than tygers in their wildneſs.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair;
Let him have time againſt himſelf to rave;
Let him have time of time's help to deſpair;
Let him have time to live a loathed ſlave;
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to ſee one, that by alms does live,
Diſdain to him diſdained ſcraps to give.

Let him have time to ſee his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him reſort:
Let him have time to mark how ſlow time goes
In time of ſorrow, and how ſwift and ſhort
His time of folly, and his time of ſport;
And ever let his unrecalling time
Have time to wail th' abuſing of his time.

O time! thou tutor both to good and bad!
Teach me to curſe him, that thou taught'ſt this ill;
At his own ſhadow let the thief run mad,
Himſelf, himſelf ſeek every hour to kill;
Such wretched hands ſuch wretched blood ſhould ſpill!
For who ſo baſe would ſuch an office have,
As ſlanderous death's-man to ſo baſe a ſlave?

The baſer is he, coming from a king,
To ſhame his hope with deeds degenerate;
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing,
That makes him honoured, or begets him hate:
For greateſt ſcandal waits on greateſt ſtate.
The moon being clouded, preſently is miſt,
But little ſtars may hide them when they liſt.

The crow may bathe his cole-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the ſnow-white ſwan deſire,
The ſtain upon his ſilver down will ſtay.
Poor grooms are ſightleſs night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted whereſoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

O idle words! ſervants to ſhallow fools;
Unprofitable ſounds, weak arbitrators;
Buſy yourſelves in ſkill-contending ſchools:
Debate where leiſure ſerves, with dull debators:
To trembling clients be their mediators.
For me, I force not argument a ſtraw,
Since that my caſe is paſt all help of law.

In vain I rail at opportunity,
At time, at *Tarquin*, and unſearchful night!
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I ſpurn at my confirm'd deſpight:
This helpleſs ſmoke of words doth me no right,
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'ſt thou at this decree?
Honour thyſelf, to rid me of this ſhame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee:
But if I live, thou liv'ſt in my defame;
Since thou could'ſt not defend thy loyal dame,
And waſt afraid to ſcratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyſelf and her for yielding ſo.

This ſaid, from her betumbled couch ſhe ſtarts,
To find ſome deſperate inſtrument of death.
But this no ſlaughter-houſe, no tool imparts,
To make more vent for paſſage of her breath,
Which thronging thro' her lips ſo vaniſheth,
As ſmoke from *Ætna*, that in air conſumes,
Or that which from diſcharged cannon fumes.

In vain (quoth ſhe) I live, and ſeek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapleſs life:
I fear'd by *Tarquin*'s fauchion to be ſlain,
Yet for the ſelf-ſame purpoſe ſeek a knife:
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
So am I now: O no! that cannot be;
Of that true type hath *Tarquin* rifled me.

O! that is gone, for which I fought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die;
To clear this ſpot by death (at leaſt) I give
A badge of fame to ſlander's livery,
A dying life to living infamy!
Poor helpleſs help, the treaſure ſtol'n away,
To burn the guiltleſs caſket where it lay.

Well, well, dear *Colatine*, thou ſhalt not know
The ſtained taſte of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection ſo,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This baſtard graſs ſhall never come to growth;
He ſhall not boaſt, who did thy ſtock pollute,
That thou art doating father of his fruit.

Nor ſhall he ſmile at thee in ſecret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy ſtate;
But thou ſhalt know thy intereſt was not bought
Baſely with gold, but ſtol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the miſtreſs of my fate,
And with my treſpaſs never will diſpenſe,
Till life to death acquit my firſt offence.

I will not poiſon thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuſes;
My ſable ground of ſin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this falſe night's abuſes:
My tongue ſhall utter all, mine eyes like ſluices,
As from a mountain ſpring, that feeds a dale,
Shall guſh pure ſtreams, to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting *Philomel* had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly ſorrow;
And ſolemn night with ſlow ſad gait deſcended
To ugly hell; when lo! the bluſhing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes, that light would borrow.
But cloudy *Lucrece* ſhames herſelf to ſee,
And therefore ſtill in night would cloiſter'd be.

Revealing day thro' every cranny ſpies,
And ſeems to point her out where ſhe ſits weeping;
To whom ſhe ſobbing ſpeaks! O! eye of eyes!
Why pry'ſt thou thro' my window? leave thy peeping,
Mock with thy tickling beams, eyes that are ſleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils ſhe with every thing ſhe ſees:
True grief is fond, and teſty as a child,
Who way-ward once, his mood with nought agrees;
Old woes, not infant ſorrows bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one, the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd ſwimmer, plunging ſtill,
With too much labour, drowns for want of ſkill.

So ſhe deep drenched in a ſea of care,
Holds diſputation with each thing ſhe views;
And to herſelf all ſorrow doth compare;
No object but her paſſion's ſtrength renews,
And as one ſhifts, another ſtrait enſues:
Sometimes her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometimes 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad, with their ſweet melody.
For mirth doth ſearch the bottom of annoy;
Sad ſouls are ſlain in merry company;
Grief beſt is pleas'd with grief's ſociety.
True ſorrow then is feelingly ſurpriz'd,
When with like ſemblance it is ſympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of ſhore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food:
To ſee the ſalve, doth make the wound ake more;
Great grief grieves moſt at that will do it good;
Deep woes roll forward, like a gentle flood,
Which being ſtopt, the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dally'd with, nor law, nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth ſhe, your tunes intomb
Within your hollow ſwelling feather'd breaſts;
And in my hearing be you ever dumb,
My reſtleſs diſcord loves no ſtops nor reſts;
A woeful hoſteſs brooks not merry gueſts.
Reliſh your nimble notes to pleaſing ears,
Diſtreſs likes dumps, when time is kept with tears.

Come *Philomel*, thou ſing'ſt of raviſhment,
Make thy ſad grove in my diſhevel'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languiſhment,
So I at each ſad ſtrain will ſtrain my tear,
And with deep groans the *Diapaſon* bear:
For burden-wiſe I'll hum on *Tarquin* ſtill,
While thou on *Tereus* deſcants better skill.

And while againſt a thorn thou bear'ſt thy part,
To keep thy ſharp woes waking; wretched I,
To imitate thee well, againſt my heart
Will fix a ſharp knife, to affright mine eye,
Who if it wink, ſhall thereon fall and die.
Theſe means, as frets upon an inſtrument,
Shall tune our heart-ſtrings to true languiſhment.

And for, poor bird, thou ſing'ſt not in the day,
As ſhaming any eye ſhould thee behold;
Some dark deep deſart ſeated from the way,
That knows not parching heat, nor freezing cold,
We will find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures ſtern, ſad tunes to change their kinds;
Since men prove beaſts, let beaſts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frighted deer, that ſtands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly;
Or once incompaſs'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily:
So with herſelf is ſhe in mutiny,
To live or die, which of the twain were better,
When life is ſham'd, and death reproaches debtor.

To kill myſelf, quoth ſhe, alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor ſoul's pollution?
They that loſe half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whoſe whole is ſwallow'd in confuſion.
That mother tries a mercileſs concluſion,
Who having two ſweet babes, when death takes one,
Will ſlay the other, and be nurſe to none.

My body or my ſoul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine,
Whoſe love of either to myſelf was nearer,
When both were kept from heaven and *Collatine*?
Ah me! the bark peal'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his ſap decay;
So muſt my ſoul, her bark being peal'd away.

Her houſe is ſack'd, her quiet interrupted;
Her manſion batter'd by the enemy;
Her ſacred temple ſpotted, ſpoil'd, corrupted,
Groſly ingirt with daring infamy.
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemiſh'd fort I make ſome hole,
Thro' which I may convey this troubled ſoul.

Yet die I will not, till my *Colatine*
Have heard the cauſe of my untimely death:
That he may vow, in that ſad hour of mine,
Revenge on him, that made me ſtop my breath:
My ſtained blood to *Tarquin* I bequeath,
Which by him tainted, ſhall for him be ſpent,
And as his due, writ in my teſtament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife,
That wounds my body ſo diſhonoured:
'Tis honour to deprive diſhonoured life:
The one will live, the other being dead.
So of ſhame's aſhes ſhall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder ſhameful ſcorn,
My ſhame ſo dead, my honour is new born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have loſt,
What legacy ſhall I bequeath to thee?
My reſolution, love, ſhall be thy boaſt,
By whoſe example thou reveng'd may'ſt be.
How *Tarquin* muſt be us'd, read it in me:
Myſelf thy friend, will kill myſelf thy foe,
And for my ſake, ſerve thou falſe *Tarquin* ſo.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My ſoul and body to the ſkies and ground.
My reſolution (huſband) do you take;
My honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;
My ſhame be his, that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives diſburſed be
To thoſe that live, and think no ſhame of me.

When *Colatine* ſhall overſee this will,
How was I overſeen, that thou ſhalt ſee it?
My blood ſhall waſh the ſlander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end ſhall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but ſtoutly ſay, ſo be it:
Yield to my hand, and that ſhall conquer thee;
Thou dead, that dies, and both ſhall victors be.

This plot of death, when ſadly ſhe had laid,
And wip'd the briniſh pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue ſhe hoarſly call'd her maid,
Whoſe ſwift obedience to her miſtreſs hies,
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor *Lucrece'* cheeks unto her maid ſeem ſo,
As winter meads, when ſun does melt their ſnow.

Her miſtreſs ſhe doth give demure good-morrow,
With ſoft ſlow tongue, true mark of modeſty;
And ſorts a ſad look to her lady's ſorrow,
(For why, her face wore ſorrow's livery)
But durſt not aſk of her audaciouſly,
Why her two ſuns were cloud-eclipſed ſo;
Nor why her fair cheeks over-waſh'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the ſun being ſet,
Each flower moiſten'd like a melting eye;
E'en ſo the maid with ſwelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by ſympathy
Of thoſe fair ſuns ſet in her miſtreſs' ſky;
Who in a ſalt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while theſe pretty creatures ſtand,
Like ivory conduits coral ciſterns filling;
One juſtly weeps, the other takes in hand
No cauſe, but company of her drops ſpilling:
Their gentle ſex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themſelves to gueſs at other ſmarts;
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore they are form'd as marble will:
The weak oppreſs'd, th' impreſſion of ſtrange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or ſkill.
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax ſhall be accounted evil,
Wherein is ſtamp'd the ſemblance of a devil.

Their ſmoothneſs, like an even champain plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep.
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils, that obſcurely ſleep:
Thro' cryſtal walls each little mote will peep.
Tho' men can cover crimes with bold ſtern looks,
Poor womens faces are their own faults books.

No man inveighs againſt the wither'd flower,
But chides rough winter, that the flower has kill'd;
Not that's devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame: O let it not be held
Poor womens faults that they are ſo fulfill'd
With mens abuſes; thoſe proud lords, to blame,
Make weak mad women tenants to their ſhame.

The precedent whereof in *Lucrece* view,
Aſſail'd by night with circumſtances ſtrong
Of preſent death, and ſhame that might enſue,
By that her death to do her huſband wrong;
Such danger to reſiſtance did belong.
The dying fear thro' all her body ſpread,
And who cannot abuſe a body dead?

By this mild patience did fair *Lucrece* ſpeak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
My girl, quoth ſhe, on what occaſion break
Thoſe tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou doſt weep for grief of my ſuſtaining,
Know, gentle wench, it ſmall avails my mood;
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went (and there ſhe ſtaid,
Till after a deep groan) *Tarquin* from hence?
Madam, ere I was up (reply'd the maid)
The more to blame, my ſluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can diſpenſe;
Myſelf was ſtirring ere the break of day,
And ere I roſe, was *Tarquin* gone away.

But lady, if your maid may be ſo bold,
She would requeſt to know your heavineſs.
O peace (quoth *Lucrece*) if it ſhould be told,
The repetition cannot make it leſs;
For more it is, than I can well expreſs:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen;
Yet ſave that labour, for I have them here.
(What ſhould I ſay?) One of my huſband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
Bid him with ſpeed prepare to carry it,
The cauſe craves haſte, and it will ſoon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and ſhe prepares to write,
Firſt hovering o'er the paper with her quill;
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight,
What wit ſets down, is blotted ſtill with will;
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a preſs of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which ſhall go before.

At laſt ſhe thus begins: Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife, that greeteth thee,
Health to thy perſon; next vouchſafe t' afford
(If ever, love, thy *Lucrece* thou wilt ſee)
Some preſent ſpeed to come and viſit me:
So I commend me from our houſe in grief,
My woes are tedious, tho' my words are brief.

Here folds ſhe up the tenor of her woe,
Her certain ſorrow writ uncertainly:
By this ſhort ſchedule *Collatine* may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not therefore make diſcovery,
Leſt he ſhould hold it her own groſs abuſe,
Ere ſhe with blood had ſtain'd her ſtain'd excuſe.

Beſides the life and feeling of her paſſion,
She hoards to ſpend, when he is by to hear her;
When ſighs, and groans, and tears may grace the faſhion
Of her diſgrace, the better ſo to clear her
From that ſuſpicion which the world might bear her:
To ſhun this blot, ſhe wou'd not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To ſee ſad ſights, moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold:
When every part a part of woe doth bear,
'Tis but a part of ſorrow that we hear.
Deep ſounds make leſſer noiſe than ſhallow fords,
And ſorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is ſeal'd, and on it writ,
At *Ardea* to my lord with more than haſte;
The poſt attends, and ſhe delivers it,
Charging the ſour-fac'd groom to hie as faſt,
As lagging fowls before the northern blaſt.
Speed, more than ſpeed, but dull and ſlow ſhe deems;
Extremity ſtill urgeth ſuch extremes.

The homely villain curtſies to her low,
And blushing on her with a ſtedfaſt eye,
Receives the ſcroll without or yea or no;
For outward baſhful innocence doth ſly.
But they whoſe guilt within their boſoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame,
For *Lucrece* thought he blush'd to ſee her ſhame.

When ſilly groom (God wot) it was deſect
Of ſpirit, life, and bold audacity;
Such harmleſs creatures have a true reſpect
To talk in deeds, while others ſaucily
Promiſe more ſpeed, but do it leiſurely.
Even ſo this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honeſt looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her miſtruſt,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd.
She thought he bluſh'd as knowing *Tarquin*'s luſt,
And bluſhing with him, wiſtly on him gaz'd,
Her earneſt eye did make him more amaz'd:
The more ſhe ſaw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more ſhe thought he ſpy'd in her ſome blemiſh.

But long ſhe thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vaſſal ſcarce is gone:
The weary time ſhe cannot entertain,
For now 'tis ſtale to ſigh, to weep, and groan.
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That ſhe her plaints a little while doth ſtay,
Pauſing for means to mourn ſome newer way.

At laſt ſhe calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of ſkilful painting made for *Priam*'s *Troy*;
Before the which is drawn the power of *Greece*,
For *Helen*'s rape the city to deſtroy.
Threatening cloud-kiſſing *Ilion* with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew ſo proud,
As heaven (it ſeem'd) to kiſs the turrets bow'd.

A thouſand lamentable objects there,
In ſcorn of nature, art gave lifeleſs life;
Many a dire drop ſeem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the ſlaughter'd huſband by the wife.
The red blood reek'd to ſhew the painter's ſtrife:
And dying eyes gleem'd forth their aſhy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you ſee the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with ſweat, and ſmeared all with duſt;
And from the towers of *Troy*, there wou'd appear
The very eyes of men thro' loop-holes thruſt,
Gazing upon the *Greeks* with little luſt.
Such ſweet obſervance in the work was had,
That one might ſee thoſe far-off eyes look ſad.

In great commanders, grace and majesty
You might behold triumphing in their faces:
In youth quick-bearing and dexterity:
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces:
  Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
  That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In *Ajax* and *Ulysses*, O! what art
Of Physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cypher'd either's heart;
Their face, their manners most expressly told.
In *Ajax'* eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
  But the mild glance that she *Ulysses* lent,
  Shew'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave *Nestor* stand,
As 'twere encouraging the *Greeks* to fight,
Making such sober actions with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech it seem'd his beard, all silver white,
  Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
  Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly list'ning, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice.
  The scalps of many almost hid behind,
  To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd, bears back all swoln and red;
Another smother'd, seems to pelt and swear,
And in their rage, (such signs of rage they bear,)
  As but for loss of *Nestor's* golden words,
  It seems they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, ſo compact, ſo kind,
That for *Achilles'* image ſtood his ſpear,
Grip'd in an armed hand; himſelf behind
Was left unſeen, ſave to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of ſtrong beſieged *Troy*,
When their brave hope, bold *Hector*, march'd to field,
Stood many *Trojan* mothers, ſharing joy
To ſee their youthful ſons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they ſuch odd action yield,
That thro' their light joy ſeemed to appear,
(Like bright things ſtain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And from the ſtrand of *Dardan* where they fought
To *Simois'* reedy banks the red blood ran;
Whoſe waves to imitate the battle fought
With ſwelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled ſhore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and ſhoot their foam at *Simois'* banks.

To this well painted piece is *Lucrece* come
To find a face where all diſtreſs is ſtell'd;
Many ſhe ſees, where cares have carved ſome,
But none where all diſtreſs and dolour dwell'd,
Till ſhe deſpairing *Hecuba* beheld,
Staring on *Priam's* wounds with her old eyes,
Who bleeding under *Pyrrhus'* proud foot lies.

In her the painter had enatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chops and wrinkles were diſguiſ'd;
Of what ſhe was, no ſemblance did remain;
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the ſpring that thoſe ſhrunk pipes had fed,
Shew'd life impriſon'd in a body dead.

On this ſad ſhadow *Lucrece* ſpends her eyes,
And ſhapes her ſorrow to the beldame's woes;
Who nothing wants to anſwer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes.
The painter was no god to lend her thoſe;
And therefore *Lucrece* ſwears he did her wrong,
To give her ſo much griefs, and not a tongue.

Poor inſtrument (quoth ſhe) without a ſound!
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop ſweet balm in *Priam*'s painted wounds,
And rail on *Pyrrhus*, that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench *Troy*, that burns ſo long;
And with my knife ſcratch out the angry eyes
Of all the *Greeks*, that are thine enemies.

Shew me this ſtrumpet, that began this ſtir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear:
Thy heat of luſt, fond *Paris*, did incur
This load of wrath, that burning *Troy* did bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here in *Troy*, for treſpaſs of thine eye,
The ſire, the ſon, the dame and daughter die.

Why ſhould the private pleaſure of ſome one,
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let ſin alone committed, light alone
Upon his head, that hath tranſgreſſed ſo.
Let guiltleſs ſouls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why ſhould ſo many fall,
To plague a private ſin in general?

Lo! here weeps *Hecuba*, here *Priam* dies!
Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troilus* ſwounds!
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies!
And friend to friend gives unadviſed wounds!
And one man's luſt theſe many lives confounds!
Had doating *Priam* check'd his ſon's deſire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps *Troy*'s painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
Once set a ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.
So *Lucrece* set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness, and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painted round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to *Phrygian* shepherds lent;
His face, tho' full of cares, yet shew'd content.
Onward to *Troy* with these blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill,
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show,
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,
That blushing red, no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale, the fear that false hearts have.

But like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just;
And therein so insconc'd this secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,
False creeping craft and perjury should thrust,
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd woman this wild image drew
For perjur'd *Sinon*, whose inchanting story
The credulous old *Priam* after slew;
Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built *Ilion*; that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they viewed their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill:
Saying, some shape in *Sinon*'s was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,
She would have said, can lurk in such a look;
But *Tarquin*'s shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, *can lurk*, from *cannot* took:
It cannot be, she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus; it *cannot* be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind.

For ev'n as subtle *Sinon* here is painted,
So sober sad, so weary and so mild,
(As if with grief or travel he had fainted)
To me came *Tarquin* armed, so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as *Priam* him did cherish,
So did I *Tarquin*, so my *Troy* did perish.

Look, look how listning *Priam* wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that *Sinon* sheds!
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls, a *Trojan* bleeds:
His eyes drop fire, no water thence proceeds.
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell,
For *Sinon* in his fire doth quake for cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So *Priam*'s trust false *Sinon*'s tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his *Troy* with water.

Here all inrag'd ſuch paſſion her aſſails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breaſt;
She tears the ſenſeleſs *Sinon* with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy gueſt,
Whoſe deed hath made herſelf herſelf deteſt.
At laſt ſhe ſmilingly with this gives o'er,
Fool! fool! quoth ſhe, his wounds will not be ſore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her ſorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining:
She looks for night, and then ſhe longs for morrow,
And both ſhe thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time ſeems long, in ſorrow's ſharp ſuſtaining.
Tho' woe be heavy, yet it ſeldom ſleeps,
And they that watch, ſee time how ſlow it creeps.

Which all this time hath over-ſlipt her thought,
That ſhe with painted images hath ſpent,
Being from the feeling of her own griefs brought,
By deep ſurmiſe of others detriment,
Looſing her woes in ſhews of diſcontent.
It eaſeth ſome, tho' none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful meſſenger comes back,
Brings home his lord, and other company;
Who finds his *Lucrece* clad in mourning black,
And round about her tear-diſtained eye
Blue circles ſtream'd, like rainbows in the ſky.
Theſe water-galls, in her dim element,
Foretel new ſtorms to thoſe already ſpent.

Which when her ſad beholding huſband ſaw,
Amazedly in her ſad face he ſtares:
Her eyes, tho' ſod in tears, look red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares,
He has no power to aſk her how ſhe fares,
But ſtood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wond'ring each other's chance.

At laſt he takes her by the bloodleſs hand,
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou doſt trembling ſtand?
Sweet love, what ſpite hath thy fair colour ſpent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in diſcontent?
Unmaſk, dear dear, this moody heavineſs,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redreſs.

Three times with ſighs ſhe gives her ſorrow fire,
Ere once ſhe can diſcharge one word of woe:
At length addreſs'd, to anſwer his deſire,
She modeſtly prepares, to let them know
Her honour is ta'en priſoner by the foe:
While *Colatine*, and his conſorted lords,
With ſad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale ſwan in her wat'ry neſt,
Begins the ſad dirge of her certain ending.
Few words, quoth ſhe, ſhall fit the treſpaſs beſt,
Wherein no excuſe can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending:
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the taſk it hath to ſay,
Dear huſband, in the intereſt of thy bed
A ſtranger came, and on that pillow lay,
Where thou waſt wont to reſt thy weary head;
And what wrong elſe may be imagined
By foul inforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy *Lucrece* is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With ſhining falchion in my chamber, came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And ſoftly cry'd, Awake, thou *Roman* dame!
And entertain my love, elſe laſting ſhame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's deſire do contradict.

For ſome hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unleſs thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder ſtrait, and then I'll ſlaughter thee,
And ſwear I found you, where you did fulfil
The loathſome act of luſt; and ſo did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to ſtart and cry,
And then againſt my heart he ſets his ſword,
Swearing, unleſs I took all patiently,
I ſhould not live to ſpeak another word:
So ſhould my ſhame ſtill reſt upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty *Rome*,
Th' adult'rate death of *Lucrece* and her groom.

Mine enemy was ſtrong, my poor ſelf weak,
(And far the weaker with ſo ſtrong a fear)
My bloody judge forbad my tongue to ſpeak,
No rightful plea might plead for juſtice there:
His ſcarlet luſt came evidence to ſwear,
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the priſoner dies.

Oh! teach me how to make mine own excuſe,
Or at the leaſt, this refuge let me find;
Tho' my groſs blood be ſtain'd with this abuſe,
Immaculate and ſpotleſs is my mind;
That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd
To acceſſary yieldings: but ſtill pure
Doth in her poiſon'd cloſet yet endure.

Lo! here the hopeleſs merchant of this loſs,
With head inclin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe;
With ſad ſet eyes, and wretched arms acroſs,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that ſtops his anſwer ſo.
But wretched as he is, he ſtrives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch, the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye, that doth behold his haſte;
Yet in the *eddy* boundeth in his pride
Back to the ſtrait that forc'd him on ſo faſt;
In rage ſent out, recall'd in rage being paſt:
Even ſo his ſighs, his ſorrows make a ſaw,
To puſh grief on, and back the ſame grief draw.

Which ſpeechleſs woe of his, poor ſhe attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear lord, thy ſorrow to my ſorrow lendeth
Another power, no flood my raining ſlacketh;
My woe too ſenſible thy paſſion maketh
More feeling painful; let it then ſuffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my ſake, when I might charm thee ſo,
For ſhe that was thy *Lucrece*—now attend me,
Be ſuddenly revenged on my foe;
Thine, mine, his own; ſuppoſe thou doſt defend me
From what is paſt, the help that thou ſhalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die,
For ſparing juſtice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth ſhe,
(Speaking to thoſe that came with *Colatine*)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With ſwift purſuit to 'venge this wrong of mine:
For 'tis a meritorious fair deſign,
To chaſe injuſtice with revengeful arms,
Knights by their oaths ſhould right poor ladies harms.

At this requeſt, with noble diſpoſition,
Each preſent lord began to promiſe aid,
As bound in knighthood to her impoſition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd:
But ſhe that yet her ſad taſk hath not ſaid,
The proteſtation ſtops. O ſpeak, quoth ſhe,
How may this forced ſtain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of my offence,
Being conſtrain'd with dreadful circumſtance?
May my pure mind with the foul act diſpenſe,
My low declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poiſon'd fountain clears itſelf again,
And why not I, from this compelled ſtain?

With this they all at once began to ſay,
Her body's ſtain the mind untainted clears,
While with a joyleſs ſmile ſhe turns away
The face, that map, which deep impreſſion bears
Of hard misfortune carved in with tears.
No, no, quoth ſhe, no dame hereafter living,
By my excuſe ſhall claim excuſes giving.

Here with a ſigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth *Tarquin*'s name. He, he, ſhe ſays:
But more, than he, her poor tongue could not ſpeak,
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, ſick and ſhort aſſays,
She utters this, He, he, fair lord, 'tis he
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here ſhe ſheathed in her harmleſs breaſt
A harmful knife, that thence her ſoul unſheathed,
That blow did bail it from the deep unreſt
Of that polluted priſon where it breathed:
Her contrite ſighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged ſprite, and thro' her wounds doth fly
Life's laſting date from cancell'd deſtiny.

Stone-ſtill, aſtoniſh'd with this deadly deed,
Stood *Colatine* and all his lordly crew,
Till *Lucrece*' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himſelf on her ſelf-ſlaughter'd body threw:
And from the purple fountain *Brutus* drew
The murd'rous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in pure revenge, held it in chaſe.

And bubbling from her breaſt it doth divide
In two ſlow rivers, that the crimſon blood
Circles her body in on every ſide;
Who like a late ſack'd iſland vaſtly ſtood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood ſtill pure and red remain'd,
And ſome look'd black, and that falſe *Tarquin* ſtain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watry rigol goes,
Which ſeems to weep upon the tainted place;
And ever ſince, as pitying *Lucrece'* woes,
Corrupted blood ſome wat'ry token ſhows:
And blood untainted ſtill doth red abide,
Bluſhing at that which is ſo putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old *Lucretius* cries,
That life was mine, which thou haſt here depriv'd;
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where ſhall I live, now *Lucrece* is unliv'd?
Thou waſt not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children predeceaſe progenitors,
We are their offſpring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glaſs, I often did behold
In thy ſweet ſemblance, my old age new-born;
But now that fair freſh mirror, dim and cold,
Shews me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn:
O! from my cheeks my image thou haſt torn!
And ſhiver'd all the beauty from my glaſs,
That I no more can ſee what once I was.

O! time! ceaſe thou thy courſe, and haſte no longer,
If thou ſurceaſe to be, that ſhould ſurvive:
Shall rotten death make conqueſt of the ſtronger,
And leave the fault'ring feeble ſouls alive?
The old bees die, the young poſſeſs their hive;
Then live, ſweet *Lucrece*, live again and ſee
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this ſtarts *Colatine* as from a dream,
And bids *Lucretius* give his ſorrow place:
And then in clay-cold *Lucrece'* bleeding ſtream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a ſpace;
Till manly ſhame bids him poſſeſs his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward ſoul
Hath ſerv'd a dumb arreſt upon his tongue;
Who made that ſorrow ſhould his uſe controul,
Or keep him from heart-eaſing words ſo long,
He 'gins to talk; but thro' his lips do throng
Weak words, ſo thick come in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could diſtinguiſh what he ſaid.

Yet ſometime *Tarquin* was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if his name he tore:
This windy tempeſt, till it blow up rain,
Held back his ſorrow's tide to make it more.
At laſt it rains, and buſy winds give o'er:
Then ſon and father weep with equal ſtrife,
Who ſhould weep moſt for daughter, or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his;
Yet neither may poſſeſs the claim they lay.
The father ſays, ſhe's mine; O mine ſhe is,
Replies her huſband; do not take away
My ſorrows intereſt, let no mourner ſay,
He weeps for her, for ſhe was only mine,
And only muſt be wail'd by *Colatine*.

O! quoth *Lucretius*, I did give that life,
Which ſhe too early and too late hath ſpill'd.
Wo! wo! quoth *Colatine*, ſhe was my wife,
I own'd her, and 'tis mine that ſhe hath kill'd.
My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd
The diſperſt air, who holding *Lucrece'* life,
Anſwer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from *Lucrece*' ſide,
Seeing ſuch emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in ſtate and pride,
Burying in *Lucrece*' wound his follies ſhow;
He with the *Romans* was eſteemed ſo,
As ſilly jeering idiots are with kings,
For ſportive words, and uttering fooliſh things.

But now he throws that ſhallow habit by,
Wherein true policy did him diſguiſe,
And arm'd his long-hid wits adviſedly,
To check the tears in *Colatinus*' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of *Rome*, quoth he, ariſe;
Let my unſounded ſelf, ſuppos'd a fool,
Now ſet thy long experienc'd wit to ſchool.

Why, *Colatine*, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyſelf a blow
For his foul act, by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childiſh humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife miſtook the matter ſo,
To ſlay herſelf, that ſhould have ſlain her foe.

Courageous *Roman*, do not ſteep thy heart
In ſuch lamenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouſe our *Roman* gods with invocations,
That they will ſuffer theſe abominations
(Since *Rome* herſelf in them doth ſtand diſgrac'd)
By our ſtrong arms from forth her fair ſtreets chas'd.

Now by the capitol that we adore!
And by this chaſte blood ſo unjuſtly ſtain'd!
By heaven's fair ſun, that breeds the fat earth's ſtore!
By all our country rites in *Rome* maintain'd!
And by chaſte *Lucrece*' ſoul, that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife!
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This ſaid, he ſtroke his hand upon his breaſt,
And kiſs'd the fatal knife to end his vow:
And to his proteſtation urg'd the reſt,
Who wond'ring at him did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deep vow which *Brutus* made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they ſwore.

When they had ſworn to this adviſed doom,
They did conclude to bear dead *Lucrece* thence,
To ſhew the bleeding body throughout *Rome*,
And ſo to publiſh *Tarquin*'s foul offence.
Which being done with ſpeedy diligence,
The *Romans* plauſibly did give conſent
To *Tarquin*'s everlaſting baniſhment.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The Glory of Beauty.

AH wherefore with infection ſhould he live?
And with his preſence grace impiety?
That ſin by him advantage ſhould atchieve,
And lace itſelf with his ſociety?
Why ſhould falſe painting imitate his cheek,
And ſteal dead ſeeing of his living hue?
Why ſhould poor beauty indirectly ſeek
Roſes of ſhadow, ſince his roſe is true?
Why ſhould he live, now nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood, to blush thro' lively veins?
For ſhe hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O! him ſhe ſtores, to ſhow what wealth ſhe had,
In days long ſince, before theſe laſt ſo bad.

This is his cheek, the map of days, out-worn,
When beauty liv'd and dy'd as flowers do now;
Before theſe baſtard ſigns of fair were born,
Or durſt inhabit on a living brow:
Before the golden treſſes of the dead,
The right of ſepulchers, were ſhorn away,
To live a ſecond life on ſecond head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.
In him thoſe holy antique hours are ſeen,
Without all ornament itſelf, and true,
Making no ſummer of another's green,
Robbing no old, to dreſs his beauty new:
And him as for a map doth nature ſtore,
To ſhow falſe art what beauty was of yore.

Thoſe parts of thee, that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing, that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues (the voice of ſouls) give thee thy due,
Uttering bare truth, even ſo as foes commend.
Their outward thus with outward praiſe is crown'd,
But thoſe ſame tongues that give thee ſo thine own,
In other accents do this praiſe confound,
By ſeeing farther than the eye hath ſhown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in gueſs they meaſure by thy deeds;
Then their churl thoughts (altho' their eyes were kind)
To thy fair flower add the rank ſmell of weeds.
But why? thy odour matcheth not thy ſhow,
The ſoil is this, that thou doſt common grow.

Injurious Time.

Like as the waves make towards the pibbled ſhore,
So do our minutes haſten to their end:
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In ſequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipſes 'gainſt his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.

Time

Time doth transfix the flouriſh ſet on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing ſtands but for his ſcythe to mow.
And yet to times, in hope my verſe ſhall ſtand,
Praiſing thy worth, deſpite his cruel hand.

Againſt my love ſhall be as I am now,
With time's injurious hand cruſh'd and o'er-worn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travel'd on to age's ſteepy night,
And all thoſe beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vaniſhing, or vaniſh'd out of ſight,
Stealing away the treaſure of his ſpring:
For ſuch a time do I now fortify,
Againſt confounding age's cruel knife,
That he ſhall never cut from memory
My ſweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty ſhall in theſe black lines be ſeen,
And they ſhall live, and he in them ſtill green.

When I have ſeen, by time's fell hand defac'd,
The rich proud coſt of out-worn bury'd age:
When ſometimes lofty towers I ſee down raz'd,
And braſs eternal ſlave to mortal rage;
When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore,
And the firm ſoil win of the watry main,
Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;
When I have ſeen ſuch interchange of ſtate,
Or ſtate itſelf confounded, to decay:
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot chuſe
But weep to have that which it fears to loſe.

Since braſs, nor ſtone, nor earth, nor boundleſs ſea,
But ſad mortality o'er-ſways their power:
How with this rage ſhall beauty hold a plea,
Whoſe action is no ſtronger than a flower?

O! how ſhall ſummer's hungry breath hold out
Againſt the wrackful ſiege of battering days;
When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtout,
Nor gates of ſteel ſo ſtrong, but time decays?
O! fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall time's beſt jewel from time's cheſt lie hid?
Or what ſtrong hand can hold this ſwift foot back,
Or who his ſpoil on beauty can forbid?
O! none! unleſs this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may ſtill ſhine bright.

Tir'd with all theſe, for reſtful death I cry;
As to behold deſert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And pureſt faith unhappily forſworn,
And gilded honour ſhamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely ſtrumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully diſgrac'd,
And ſtrength by limping ſway diſabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controuling ſkill,
And ſimple truth miſcall'd ſimplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all theſe, from theſe would I be gone,
Save that to die, I leave my love alone.

True Admiration.

What is your ſubſtance, whereof are you made,
That millions of ſtrange ſhadows on you tend?
Since every one, hath every one, one ſhade,
And you but one, can every ſhadow lend?
Deſcribe *Adonis*, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On *Helen*'s cheek all art of beauty ſet,
And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new.
Speak of the ſpring and foyzen of the year,
The one doth ſhadow of your beauty ſhow,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every bleſſed ſhape we know:

In

In all external grace you have ſome part,
But you like none, none you, for conſtant heart.

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous ſeem,
By that ſweet ornament which truth doth give!
The roſe looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that ſweet odour, which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfum'd tincture of the roſes,
Hang on ſuch thorns, and play as wantonly,
When ſummer's breath their maſked buds diſcloſes:
But for their virtue's only in their ſhow,
They live unmov'd, and unreſpected fade,
Die to themſelves: ſweet roſes do not ſo,
Of their ſweet deaths are ſweeteſt odours made.
And ſo of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that ſhall fade, by verſe diſtils your truth.

The Force of Love.

Being your ſlave, what ſhould I do, but tend
Upon the hours and times of your deſire,
I have no precious time at all to ſpend,
Nor ſervices to do till you require:
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end-hour,
Whilſt I (my ſovereign) watch the clock for you:
Nor think the bitterneſs of abſence ſour,
When you have bid your ſervant once adieu:
Nor dare I queſtion with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs ſuppoſe;
But like a ſad ſlave ſtay, and think of nought,
Save where you are: how happy you make thoſe!
So true a fool is love, that in your will,
(Tho' you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

That god forbid, that made me firſt your ſlave,
I ſhould in thought controul your times of pleaſure;
Or at your hand the account of ours to crave,
Being your vaſſal, bound to ſtay your leiſure.
O let me ſuffer (being at your beck)
Th' impriſon'd abſence of your liberty;

And patience, tame to ſufferance, bide each check,
Without accuſing you of injury!
Be where you liſt, your charter is ſo ſtrong,
That you yourſelf may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourſelf to pardon of ſelf-doing crime.
I am to wait, tho' waiting ſo be hell:
Not blame your pleaſure, be it ill or well.

The Beauty of Nature.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd?
Which labouring for invention, bear amiſs
The ſecond burden of a former child?
O! that record could with a backward look,
Ev'n of five hundred courſes of the ſun;
Show me your image in ſome antique book,
Since mine at firſt in character was done!
That I might ſee what the old world could ſay
To this compoſed wonder of your frame;
Whether we're mended, or where better they,
Or whether revolution be the ſame.
O! ſure I am, the wits of former days,
To ſubjects worſe have given admiring praiſe.

Love's Cruelty.

From faireſt creatures we deſire increaſe,
That thereby beauty's roſe may never die;
But as the riper ſhould by time deceaſe,
His tender air might bear his memory.
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'ſt thy light's flame with ſelf-ſubſtantial fuel;
Making a famine where abundance lies:
Thyſelf thy foe, to thy ſweet ſelf too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's freſh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy ſpring,
Within thine own bud buriеſt thy content,
And tender churl mak'ſt waſte in niggarding:
Pity the world, or elſe this glutton be
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

When forty winters ſhall beſiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, ſo gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed of ſmall worth held:
Then being aſk'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treaſure of thy luſty days;
To ſay within thine own deep-ſunken eyes,
Were an all-eating ſhame and thriftleſs praiſe.
How much more praiſe deſerv'd thy beauty's uſe,
If thou couldſt anſwer, This fair child of mine
Shall ſum my count, and make my old excuſe,
Proving his beauty by ſucceſſion thine?
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And ſee thy blood warm, when thou feel'ſt it cold.

Look in thy glaſs, and tell the face thou viewеſt,
Now is the time that face ſhould form another,
Whoſe freſh repair, if now thou not reneweſt,
Thou doſt beguile the world, unbleſs ſome mother.
For where is ſhe ſo fair, whoſe un-ear'd womb
Diſdains the tillage of thy huſbandry?
Or who is he ſo fond, will be the tomb
Of his ſelf-love, to ſtop poſterity?
Thou art thy mother's glaſs, and ſhe in thee
Calls back the lovely *April* of her prime:
So thou thro' windows of thine age ſhalt ſee,
Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember not to be;
Die ſingle, and thine image dies with thee.

Youthful Glory.

O that you were yourſelf! but, love, you are
No longer yours, than you yourſelf here live:
Againſt this coming end you ſhould prepare,
And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other give.
So ſhould that beauty, which you hold in leaſe,
Find no determination; then you were
Yourſelf again, after yourſelf's deceaſe,
When your ſweet iſſue your ſweet form ſhould bear.

Who let ſo fair a houſe fall to decay,
Which huſbandry in honour might uphold,
Againſt the ſtormy guſts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts: dear my love, you know
You had a father, let your ſon ſay ſo.

Not from the ſtars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet methinks I have aſtronomy;
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or ſeaſons quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or ſay, with princes if it ſhall go well,
By ought predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And conſtant ſtars; in them I read ſuch art,
As truth and beauty ſhall together thrive,
If from thyſelf, to ſtore thou would'ſt convert:
Or elſe of thee this I prognoſticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

When I conſider, every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge ſtage preſenteth nought but ſhows,
Whereon the ſtars in ſecret influence comment:
When I perceive, that men as plants increaſe,
Chear'd and check'd even by the ſelf-ſame ſky:
Vaunt in their youthful ſap, at height decreaſe,
And wear their brave ſtate out of memory:
Then the conceit of this inconſtant ſtay,
Sets you moſt rich in youth before my ſight,
Where waſteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to ſullied night;
And all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

Good Admonition.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way,
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, time?

And fortify yourſelf, in your decay,
With means more bleſſed than my barren rhyme?
Now ſtand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens yet unſet,
With virtuous wiſh would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit.
So ſhould the lines of life that life repair,
Which this (time's pencil) or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourſelf in eyes of men.
To give away yourſelf, keeps yourſelf ſtill,
And you muſt live, drawn by your own ſweet ſkill.

Who will believe my verſe, in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your moſt high deſerts?
Tho' yet, heav'n knows, it is but as a tomb,
Which hides your life, and ſhows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in freſh numbers number all your graces;
The age to come would ſay this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So ſhould my papers (yellow'd with their age)
Be ſcorn'd, like old men of leſs truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And ſtretched metre of an antick ſong.
But were ſome child of yours alive that time,
You ſhould live twice in it, and in my rhyme.

Quick Prevention.

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing ſight,
Serving with looks his ſacred majeſty;
And having climb'd the ſteep-up heavenly hill,
Reſembling ſtrong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty ſtill,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage.
But when from high-moſt pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day;

The

The eyes ('fore duteous) now converted are
From his low track, and look another way.
So thou, thyſelf, outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on dieſt, unleſs thou get a ſon.

Magazine of Beauty.

Unthrifty lovelineſs, why doſt thou ſpend
Upon thyſelf thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequeſt gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, ſhe lends to thoſe are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why doſt thou abuſe
The bounteous largeſs given thee to give?
Profitleſs uſurer, why doſt thou uſe
So great a ſum of ſums, yet canſt not live?
For having traffick with thyſelf alone,
Thou of thyſelf thy ſweet ſelf doſt deceive;
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canſt thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty muſt be tomb'd with thee,
Which uſed lives th' executor to be.

Thoſe hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze, where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very ſame,
And that unfair, which fairly doth excel.
For never-reſting time leads ſummer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with froſt, and luſty leaves quite gone;
Beauty o'er-ſnow'd, and barrenneſs every where.
Then were not ſummer's diſtillation left
A liquid priſoner, pent in walls of glaſs,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers diſtill'd, tho' they with winter meet,
Loſe but their ſhow, their ſubſtance ſtill lives ſweet.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy ſummer, ere thou be diſtill'd,
Make ſweet ſome vial, treaſure thou ſome place
With beauty's treaſure, e'er it be ſelf-kill'd:

That

That uſe is not forbidden uſury,
Which happies thoſe that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyſelf to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one:
Ten times thyſelf were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee;
Then what could death do, if thou ſhould'ſt depart,
Leaving thee living in poſterity?
Be not ſelf-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conqueſt, and make worms thine heir.

An Invitation to Marriage.

Muſic to hear, why hear'ſt thou muſic ſadly?
Sweets with ſweets war not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov'ſt thou that, which thou receiv'ſt not gladly?
Or elſe receiv'ſt with pleaſure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds,
By unions married do offend thy ear,
They do but ſweetly chide thee, who confounds
In ſingleneſs the parts that thou ſhould'ſt bear.
Mark how one ſtring, ſweet huſband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Reſembling ſire and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleaſing note do ſing:
Whoſe ſpeechleſs ſong, being many, ſeeming one,
Sings this to thee, thou ſingle wilt prove none.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou conſum'ſt thyſelf in ſingle life?
Ah! if thou iſſue-leſs ſhalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee like a makeleſs wife;
The world will be thy widow, and ſtill weep,
That thou no form of thee haſt left behind;
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her huſband's ſhape in mind:
Look what an unthrift in the world doth ſpend,
Shifts but his place, for ſtill the world enjoys it:
But beauty's waſte hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the uſ'rer ſo deſtroys it.

No-

No love towards others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

For shame! deny, that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident;
Grant, if thou will, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident:
For thou art so possess'd with murd'rous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which, to repair, should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look whom she best endow'd, she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

When I do count the clock, that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls are silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier, with white and bristly beard;

Then

Then of thy beauty do I queſtion make,
That thou among the waſtes of time muſt go,
Since ſweets and beauties do themſelves forſake,
And die as faſt as they ſee others grow;
And nothing 'gainſt time's ſcythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

False Belief.

When my love ſwears that ſhe is made of truth,
I do believe her (tho' I know ſhe lies)
That ſhe might think me ſome untutor'd youth,
Unſkilful in the world's falſe forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking, that ſhe thinks me young,
Altho' I know my years be paſt the beſt;
I ſmiling, credit her falſe ſpeaking tongue,
Out-facing faults in love, with love's ill reſt.
But wherefore ſays my love, that ſhe is young?
And wherefore ſay not I, that I am old?
O love's beſt habit is a ſmoothing tongue,
And age (in love) loves not to have years told.
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus ſmother'd be.

A Temptation.

Two loves I have, of comfort and deſpair,
That like two ſpirits do ſuggeſt me ſtill:
My better angel is a man (right fair)
My worſer ſpirit a woman (colour'd ill.)
To win me ſoon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my ſide,
And would corrupt my ſaint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suſpect I may, yet not directly tell;
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I gueſs one angel in another's hell.
The truth I ſhall not know, but live in doubt,
'Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Faſt and Looſe.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainſt whom the world could not hold argument,
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury,
Vows for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love,
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou, fair ſun, that on this earth doth ſhine,
Exhale this vapour vow, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe
To break an oath, to win a paradiſe?

True Content.

So is it not with me, as with that muſe,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verſe,
Who heaven itſelf for ornament doth uſe,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearſe:
Making a compliment of proud compare
With ſun and moon, with earth and ſea's rich gems;
With *April*'s firſt-born flowers, and all things rare,
That heaven's air, in this huge rondure hems.
O! let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, tho' not ſo bright
As thoſe gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.
Set them ſay more, that like of hearſay well;
I will not praiſe, that purpoſe not to ſell.

A Baſhful Lover.

As an unperfect actor on the ſtage,
Who with his fear is put beſides his part;
Or ſome fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whoſe ſtrength abundant weakens his own heart:

So

So I, for fear of truſt, forgot to ſay
The perfect ceremony of love's right,
And in mine own love's ſtrength ſeem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
O! let my looks be then the eloquence,
And dumb preſagers of my ſpeaking breaſt;
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more expreſt.
O learn to read what ſilent love hath writ!
To hear what eyes belong to love's fine wit.

Strong Conceit.

My glaſs ſhall not perſuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou art of one date;
But when in thee time's forrows I behold,
Then look I death my days ſhould expiate.
For all that beauty, that doth cover thee,
Is but the ſeemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breaſt doth live, as thine in me,
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love! be of thyſelf ſo weary,
As I not for myſelf, but for thee, will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep ſo chary,
As tender nurſe her babe from faring ill.
Preſume not on thy heart, when mine is ſlain;
Thou gav'ſt me thine, not to give back again.

Sweet Provocation.

Sweet *Cytherea*, ſitting by a brook,
With young *Adonis*, lovely freſh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him ſtories, to delight his ear;
She ſhow'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, ſhe touch't him here and there:
Touches ſo ſoft, ſtill conquer chaſtity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,

The

The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But ſmile and jeſt at every gentle offer.
Then fell ſhe on her back, fair queen, and toward,
He roſe and ran away! ah! fool too froward.

A Conſtant Vow.

If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
O! never faith cou'd hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
Tho' to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll conſtant prove.
Thoſe thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like oſiers bow'd.
Study his byas leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that ſoul, that ſees thee without wonder,
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye *Jove's* lightning ſeems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is muſic and ſweet fire.
Celeſtial as thou art, O! do not love that wrong!
To ſing heaven's praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue.

The Exchange.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Haſt thou the maſter, miſtreſs of my paſſion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With ſhifting change, as is falſe womens faſhion.
An eye more bright than theirs, leſs falſe in rolling;
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth.
A man in hue all hue in his controuling,
Which ſteals mens eyes, and womens ſouls amazeth.
And for a woman wer't thou firſt created,
Till nature, as ſhe wrought thee, fell a doating,
And by addition me of thee defeated;
By adding one thing, to my purpoſe nothing.
But ſince ſhe prick'd thee out for womens pleaſure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's uſe their treaſure.

A Diſconſolation.

Weary with toil, I haſte me to my bed,
The dear repoſe for limbs with travel tired,
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired.
For then my thoughts (far from where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkneſs, which the blind do ſee.
Save that my ſoul's imaginary ſight
Preſents their ſhadow to my ſightleſs view;
Which, like a jewel (hung in ghaſtly night)
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myſelf no quiet find.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debar'd the benefit of reſt?
When day's oppreſſion is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day oppreſt?
And each (tho' enemies to other's reign)
Do in conſent ſhake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain,
How far I toil, ſtill farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to pleaſe him, thou art bright,
And doſt him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the ſwart-complexion'd night,
When ſparkling ſtars twire out, thou gild'ſt th' even.
But day doth daily draw my ſorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length ſeem ſtronger.

When in diſgrace with fortune and mens eyes
I all alone beweep my out-caſt ſtate,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootleſs cries,
And look upon myſelf and curſe my fate:
Wiſhing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends poſſeſt,
Deſiring this man's art, and that man's ſcope,
With what I moſt enjoy contented leaſt.

Yet in these thoughts, myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark, at break of day arising
From sullen earth, to sing at heaven's gate.
For thy sweet love rememb'red, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Cruel Deceit.

Scarce had the sun dry'd up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade;
When *Cytherea* (all in love forlorn)
A longing tarriance for *Adonis* made
Under an osier growing by a brook;
A brook, where *Adon* us'd to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day, she hotter, that did look
For his approach, that often here had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so whistly, as this queen on him:
He spying her, bounc'd in (whereas he stood)
O! *Jove!* (quoth she) why was not I a flood?

The Unconstant Lover.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet as glass is brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her;
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing?
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing?
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burnt with love, as ſtraw with fire flameth;
She burnt out love, as ſoon as ſtraw out burning;
She fram'd the love, and yet ſhe foil'd the framing;
She bad love laſt, and yet ſhe fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a letcher whether?
Bad at the beſt, tho' excellent in neither.

The Benefit of Friendſhip.

When to the ſeſſions of ſweet ſilent thought,
I ſummon up remembrance of things paſt,
I ſigh the lack of many a thing I ſought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waſte.
Then can I drown an eye (unus'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in death's dateleſs night,
And weep afreſh love's long ſince cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expence of many a vaniſh'd ſight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The ſad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All loſſes are reſtor'd, and ſorrows end.

Thy boſom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have ſuppoſed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all thoſe friends, which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obſequious tear
Hath dear religious love ſtol'n from mine eye,
As intereſt of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone;
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many, now is thine alone.
Their images I lov'd, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) haſt all the all of me.

If thou ſurvive my well-contented day,
When that churl death my bones with duſt ſhall cover;
And ſhalt by fortune once more re-ſurvey
Theſe poor rude lines of thy deceaſed lover:
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And tho' they be out-ſtript by every pen,
Reſerve them for my love, not for their rhime,
Exceeded by the height of happier men,
Oh then vouchſafe me but this loving thought!
Had my friend's muſe grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this, his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But ſince he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their ſtile I'll read, his for his love.

Friendly Concord.

If muſic and ſweet poetry agree,
As they muſt needs (the ſiſter and the brother)
Then muſt the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Becauſe thou lov'ſt the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whoſe heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth raviſh human ſenſe:
Spencer to me, whoſe deep conceit is ſuch,
As paſſing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'ſt to hear the ſweet melodious ſound,
That *Phœbus'* lute (the queen of muſic) makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
When as himſelf to ſinging he betakes.
One God is God of both (as poets fain)
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

Inhumanity.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
Paler for ſorrow than her milk-white dove,
For *Adon*'s ſake, a youngſter proud and wild,
Her ſtand ſhe takes upon a ſteep-up hill.
Anon *Adonis* comes with horn and hounds,
She, ſilly queen, with more than love's good-will,
Forbad the boy he ſhould not paſs thoſe grounds:

Once

Once (quoth ſhe) did I ſee a fair ſweet youth
Here in theſe brakes, deep wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh a ſpectacle of ruth;
See in my thigh (quoth ſhe) here was the ſore:
She ſhewed hers, he ſaw more wounds than one,
And bluſhing fled, and left her all alone.

A Congratulation.

How can my muſe want ſubject to invent,
While thou doſt breathe, that pour'ſt into my verſe
Thine own ſweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearſe?
Oh! give thyſelf the thanks, if ought in me,
Worthy peruſal, ſtand againſt thy ſight;
For who's ſo dull, that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyſelf doſt give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muſe, ten times more in worth,
Than thoſe old Nine which rhimers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my ſlight muſe do pleaſe theſe curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine ſhall be the praiſe.

Oh! how thy worth with manners may I ſing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praiſe to mine own ſelf bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praiſe thee?
Even for this, let us divided live,
And our dear love loſe name of ſingle one;
That by this ſeparation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deſerv'ſt alone.
Oh abſence! what a torment would'ſt thou prove,
Were't not that thy ſour leiſure gave ſweet leave,
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Who time and thoughts ſo ſweetly doſt deceive;
And that thou teacheſt how to make one twain,
By praiſing him here, who doth hence remain.

Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all,
What haſt thou then more than thou hadſt before?
No love, my love, that thou may'ſt true love call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadſt this more.

Then if for my love, thou my love receiveſt,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou uſeſt;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyſelf deceiveſt
By wilful taſte of what thyſelf refuſeſt.
I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief,
Altho' thou ſteal thee all my poverty:
And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Laſcivious grace, in whom all ill well ſhows,
Kill me with ſpite, yet we muſt not be foes.

Loſs and Gain.

Thoſe pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am ſometimes abſent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befit,
For ſtill temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won;
Beauteous thou art, and therefore to be aſſailed,
And when a woman woos, what woman's ſon
Will ſourly leave her till he have prevailed?
Ah me! but yet thou might'ſt my ſeat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy ſtraying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there,
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth:
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beauty being falſe to me.

That thou haſt her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be ſaid I lov'd her dearly;
That ſhe hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loſs in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuſe ye,
Thou doſt love her, becauſe thou know'ſt I love her;
And for my ſake even ſo doth ſhe abuſe me,
Suffering my friend, for my ſake, to approve her.
If I loſe thee, my loſs is my love's gain,
And loſing her, my friend hath found that loſs:
Both find each other, and I loſe both twain,
And both for my ſake lay on me this croſs.
But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
Sweet flattery, then ſhe loves but me alone.

Fooliſh Diſdain.

Venus with *Adonis* ſitting by her,
Under a myrtle ſhade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god *Mars* did try her,
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him.
Even thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god embrac'd me,
And then ſhe clipt *Adonis* in her arms:
Even thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god unlac'd me
As if the boy ſhould uſe like loving charms.
Even thus (quoth ſhe) he ſeized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the ſeizure:
And as ſhe fetched breath away he ſkips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleaſure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiſs and clip me till I run away.

Ancient Antipathy.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleaſance, age is full of care;
Youth like ſummer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like ſummer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of ſport, age's breath is ſhort;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age I do abhor thee, youth I do adore thee;
O! my love, my love is young:
Age I do defy thee, O! ſweet ſhepherd hie thee;
For, methinks, thou ſtay'ſt too long.

Beauty's Valuation.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A ſhining gloſs, that fadeth ſuddenly;
A flower that dies, when firſt it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glaſs, that's broken preſently.
A doubtful good, a gloſs, a glaſs, a flower,
Loſt, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods loſt, are ſeld' or never found;
As faded gloſs no rubbing will refreſh;
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground;
As broken glaſs, no cement can redreſs:
So beauty blemiſh'd once, for ever's loſt,
In ſpite of phyſic, painting, pain and coſt.

Melancholy Thoughts.

If the dull ſubſtance of my fleſh were thought,
Injurious diſtance ſhould not ſtop my way;
For then, deſpite of ſpace, I would be brought
To limits far remote, where thou doſt ſtay.
No matter then altho' my foot did ſtand
Upon the fartheſt earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both ſea and land,
As ſoon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone;
But that ſo much of earth and water wrought,
I muſt attend time's leiſure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements ſo ſlow,
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

The other two, ſlight air, and purging fire,
Are both with thee, where-ever I abide;
The firſt my thought, the other my deſire;
Theſe preſent, abſent, with ſwift motion ſlide.
For when theſe quicker elements are gone,
In tender embaſſy of love to thee,
My life being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppreſt with melancholy;
Until life's compoſition be recured,
By thoſe ſwift meſſengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again aſſured
Of their fair health, recounting it to me.
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I ſend them back again, and ſtrait grow ſad.

Love's Loſs.

Sweet roſe, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, ſoon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the ſpring:
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely ſhaded,
Fair creature kill'd too ſoon by death's ſharp ſting:
Like a green plum, that hangs upon a tree,
And falls (thro' wind) before the fall ſhould be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cauſe I have,
For why? Thou leſts me nothing in thy will;
And yet thou leſts me more than I did crave:
For why? I craved nothing of thee ſtill:
O yes (dear friend) I pardon crave of thee,
Thy diſcontent thou didſt bequeath to me.

Love's Reliefe.

Full many a glorious morning have I ſeen,
Flatter the mountain tops with ſovereign eye,
Kiſſing with golden face the meadows green;
Gilding pale ſtreams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the baſeſt clouds to ride,
With ugly rack on his celeſtial face,
And from the forlorn world his viſage hide,
Stealing unſeen to weſt with this diſgrace.
Even ſo my ſun one early morn did ſhine,
With all triumphant ſplendor on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath maſk'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit diſdaineth;
Suns of the world may ſtain, when heaven's ſun ſtaineth.

Why didſt thou promiſe ſuch a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloke,
To let baſe clouds o'ertake me in the way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that thro' the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my ſtorm-beaten face;
For no man well of ſuch a ſalve can ſpeak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the diſgrace:

Nor can thy ſhame give phyſic to my grief,
Tho' thou repent, yet I have ſtill the croſs;
Th' offender's ſorrow lends but weak relief
To him, that beareth ſtrong offences croſs.
Ah! but thoſe tears are pearl which thy love ſheds,
And they are rich, and ranſom all ill deeds.

No more be griev'd at that which thou haſt done,
Roſes have thorns, and ſilver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipſes ſtain both moon and ſun,
And loathſome canker lives in ſweeteſt bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy treſpaſs with compare,
Myſelf corrupting, ſalving thy amiſs,
Excuſing their ſins more than their ſins are:
For to my ſenſual fault I bring incenſe,
Thy adverſe party is thy advocate;
And 'gainſt myſelf a lawful plea commence,
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an acceſſary needs muſt be
To that ſweet thief which ſorely robs from me.

Unanimity.

Let me confeſs, that we two muſt be twain,
Altho' our undivided loves are one:
So ſhall thoſe blots, that do with me remain
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one reſpect,
Tho' in our lives a ſeparable ſpite;
Which tho' it alter not love's ſole effect,
Yet doth it ſteal ſweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Leſt my bewailed guilt ſhould do thee ſhame,
Nor thou with public kindneſs honour me,
Unleſs thou take that honour from thy name.
But do not ſo, I love thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To ſee his active child do deeds of youth;
So I, made lame by fortune's deareſt ſpite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of theſe all, or all, or more,
Intitled in their part, do crowned ſit,
I make my love ingrafted to this ſtore:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor deſpis'd,
Whilſt that this ſhadow doth ſuch ſubſtance give,
That I in thy abundance am ſuffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live:
Look what is beſt, that beſt I wiſh in thee;
This wiſh I have, then ten times happy me.

Both to depart.

Good night, good reſt; ah! neither be my ſhare:
She bad good night, that kept my reſt away;
And daſt me to a cabben hang'd with care,
To deſcant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewel (quoth ſhe) and come again to-morrow;
Fare well I could not, for I ſupt with ſorrow.

Yet at my parting ſweetly did ſhe ſmile,
In ſcorn, or friendſhip, nill I conſter whether:
It may be ſhe joy'd to jeſt at my exile;
It may be again to make me wander thither.
Wander (a word) for ſhadows like myſelf,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord! how mine eyes throw gazes to the eaſt!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning riſe
Doth cite each moving ſenſe from idle reſt,
Not daring truſt the office of mine eyes.
While *Philomela* ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,
And wiſh her lays were tuned like the lark.

Nor can thy ſhame give phyſic to my grief,
Tho' thou repent, yet I have ſtill the croſs;
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Not daring truſt the office of mine eyes.
While *Philomela* ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,
And wiſh her lays were tuned like the lark.

For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dreaming night:
The night ſo packt, I poſt unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wiſhed ſight;
Sorrow chang'd to ſolace, and ſolace mixt with ſorrow;
For why? ſhe ſigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would poſt too ſoon,
But now are minutes added to the hours:
To ſpite me now, each minute ſeems an hour,
Yet not for me, ſhine ſun to ſuccour flowers.
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow,
Short night, to-night, and length thyſelf to-morrow.

A Maſter-Piece.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath ſteel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart:
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perſpective it is beſt painter's art.
For thro' the painter muſt you ſee his ſkill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my boſom's ſhop is hanging ſtill,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now ſee what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy ſhape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breaſt, where thro' the ſun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee.
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they ſee, know not the heart.

Happineſs in Content.

Let thoſe who are in favour with their ſtars,
Of public honour and proud titles boaſt:
Whilſt I, whom fortune of ſuch triumph bars,
Unlook'd-for joy in that I honour moſt.
Great princes favourites their fair leaves ſpread,
But as the marigold at the ſun's eye;
And in themſelves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.

The

The painful warrior famouſed for worth,
After a thouſand victories, once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the reſt forgot, for which he toil'd.
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

A Dutiful Meſſage.

Lord of my love, to whom in vaſſalage
Thy merit hath my duty ſtrongly knit;
To thee I ſend this written embaſſage,
To witneſs duty, not to ſhew my wit.
Duty ſo great, which wit ſo poor as mine
May make ſeem bare, in wanting words to ſhew it;
But that I hope ſome good conceit of thine
In my ſoul's thought (all naked) will beſtow it.
Till whatſoever ſtar, that guides my moving,
Points on me graciouſly with fair aſpect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To ſhow me worthy of their ſweet reſpect.
Then may I dare to boaſt how I do love thee:
Till then, not ſhow my head, where thou may'ſt prove [me.

Go and Come quickly.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When that I ſeek (my weary travel's end)
Doth teach that eaſe and that repoſe to ſay,
Thus far the miles are meaſur'd from thy friend?
The beaſt that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me;
As if by ſome inſtinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not ſpeed being made from thee.
The bloody ſpur cannot provoke him on,
That ſometimes anger thruſts into his hide;
Which heavily he anſwers with a groan,
More ſharp to me, than ſpurring to his ſide,
For that ſame groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

Thus can my love excuſe the ſlow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I ſpeed.
Form where thou art, why ſhould I haſte me thence?
Till I return, of poſting is no need.
O! what excuſe will my poor beaſt then find,
When ſwift extremity can ſeem but ſlow?
Then ſhould I ſpur tho' mounted on the wind;
In winged ſpeed no motion ſhall I know.
Then can no horſe with my deſire keep pace,
Therefore deſire (of perfect love being made)
Shall neigh no dull fleſh in his fiery race,
But love for love thus ſhall excuſe my jade.
Since from thee going, he went wilful ſlow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

Two Faithful Friends.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conqueſt of thy ſight:
Mine eye, my heart their pictures ſight would bar,
My heart, mine eye the freedom of that right:
My heart doth plead, that thou in him doſt lie;
(A cloſet never pierc'd with cryſtal eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And ſays, in him their fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title, is impannelled
A queſt of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part,
As thus; mine eyes due is their outward part,
And my heart's right, their inward love of heart.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famiſh'd for a look,
Or heart in love with ſighs himſelf doth ſmother:
With my love's picture then my eye doth feaſt,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart.
Another time mine eye is my heart's gueſt,
And in his thoughts of love doth ſhare a part.

So either by the picture of my love,
Thyself away, are present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee.
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart, to heart's and eyes delight.

Careless Neglect.

How careful was I, when I took my way
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust;
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falshood, in sure wards of trust?
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief:
Thou best of dearest, and mine only care,
Are left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not; tho' I feel thou art
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stoln, I fear;
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

Stout Resolution.

Against that time (if ever that time come)
When I shall see thee frown on my defects;
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects:
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye;
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity:
Against that time, do I insconce me here,
Within the knowledge of mine own desert;
And this my hand against myself up-rear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part;
To leave poor me, thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love, I can alledge no cause.

A Duel.

It was a lording's daughter,
The faireſt one of three,
That liked of her maſter, as well as well might be;
Till looking on an *Engliſhman*,
The faireſt eye could ſee,
Her fancy fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtful,
That love with love did fight;
To leave the maſter loveleſs, or kill the gallant knight;
To put in practice either,
Alas! it was a ſpite,
Unto the ſilly damſel.

But one muſt be refuſed,
More mickle was the pain;
That nothing could be uſed, to turn them both to gain:
For of the two the truſty knight
Was wounded with diſdain,
Alas! ſhe could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending,
Was victor of the day;
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away.
Then, lullaby, the learned man
Hath got the lady gay:
For now my ſong is ended.

Love-ſick.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whoſe month was ever *May*,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.

Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find,
That the lover (ſick to death)
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;
Air! would I might triumph ſo!
But (alas!) my hand hath ſworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy throne;
Vow, (alack!) for youth unmeet,
Youth, ſo apt to pluck a ſweet;
Thou, for whom ev'n *Jove* would ſwear
Juno but an *Æthiop* were;
And deny himſelf for *Jove*,
Turning mortal for thy love.

Love's Labour Loſt.

My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,
My rams ſpeed not; all is amiſs:
Love is dying, faith's defying,
Heart's denying, cauſer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is loſt (God wot)
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd, without remove.
One ſilly croſs wrought all my loſs;
O! frowning fortune, curſed fickle dame!
For now I ſee inconſtancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I, all fears ſcorn I,
Love hath forlorn me living in thrall;
Heart is bleeding, all help needing;
O! cruel ſpeeding, fraughted with gall!
My ſhepherd's pipe can ſound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but ſeems afraid.

With ſighs ſo deep, procures to weep
In howling wiſe to ſee my doleful plight;
How ſighs reſound thro' heartleſs ground,
Like a thouſand vanquiſh'd men in bloody fight.

Clear wells ſpring not, ſweet birds ſing not,
Green plants bring not forth their dye;
Herds ſtand weeping, flocks all ſleeping,
Nymphs black peeping fearfully.
All our pleaſure known to us poor ſwains;
All our merry meetings on the plains;
All our evening ſport from us is fled;
All our love is loſt, for love is dead.
Farewel, ſweet love, thy like ne'er was,
For a ſweet content, the cauſe of all my woe;
Poor *Coridon* muſt live alone,
Other help for him, I ſee, that there is none.

Wholeſome Counſel.

Whenas thine eye hath choſe the dame,
And ſtall'd the deer that thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike;
Let reaſon rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy (partly all might).
Take counſel of ſome wiſer head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'ſt thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk;
Leſt ſhe ſome ſubtle practice ſmell:
A cripple ſoon can find a halt.
But plainly ſay, thou lov'ſt her well,
And ſet her perſon forth to ſale.

What tho' her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late ſhe will repent,
That thus diſſembled her delight:
And twice deſire, ere it be day,
That which with ſcorn ſhe put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban, and brawl, and say thee nay;
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
  Had women been so strong as men,
  In faith, you had not had it then.

And to her will frame all thy ways,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
  The strongest castle, tower, and town,
  The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Please never thou to chuse a-new.
  When time shall serve, be thou not slack
  To proffer, tho' she put it back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward shew,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
  Have you not heard it said full oft,
  A woman's nay doth stand for nought.

Think women still to strive with men
To sin, and never for to saint:
There is no heaven (by holy then)
When time with age shall them attaint.
  Were kisses all the joys in bed,
  One woman would another wed.

But soft enough, too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long.
  Yet will she blush, here be it said,
  To hear her secrets so bewraid.

Sat Fuisse.

Sin of self-love poſſeſſeth all mine eye,
And all my ſoul, and all my every part;
And for this ſin there is no remedy,
It is ſo grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face ſo gracious is, as mine;
No ſhape ſo true, no truth of ſuch account;
And for myſelf mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths ſurmount.
But when my glaſs ſhews me myſelf indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity;
Mine own ſelf-love quite contrary I read,
Self, ſo ſelf-loving, were iniquity:
'Tis thee (my ſelf) that for myſelf I praiſe,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

A Living Monument.

Not marble, nor the gilded monument
Of princes, ſhall out-live this powerful rhyme;
But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe contents,
Than unſwept ſtone beſmear'd with ſluttiſh time.
When waſteful war ſhall ſtatues overturn,
And broils root out the work of maſonry;
Nor *Mars*'s ſword, nor war's quick fire ſhall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainſt death, and all oblivious enmity,
Shall you pace forth; your praiſe ſhall ſtill find room,
Even in the eyes of all poſterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment, that yourſelf ariſe,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers eyes.

Familiarity breeds Contempt.

So am I as the rich, whoſe bleſſed key
Can bring him to his ſweet up-locked treaſure,
The which he will not every hour ſurvey,
For blunting the fine point of ſeldom pleaſure.

Therefore

Therefore are feaſts ſo ſolemn and ſo rare;
Since ſeldom coming, in the long year ſet,
Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carconet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my cheſt,
Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,
To make ſome ſpecial inſtant ſpecial bleſt,
By new unfolding his impriſon'd pride.
Bleſſed are you, whoſe worthineſs gives ſcope,
Being had to triumph, being lack'd to hope.

Patiens Armatus.

Is it thy will, thy image ſhould keep open
My heavy eye-lids to the weary night?
Doſt thou deſire my ſlumbers ſhould be broken,
While ſhadows, like to thee, do mock my ſight?
Is it thy ſpirit that thou ſend'ſt from thee,
So far from home, into my deeds to pry?
To find out ſhames, and idle hours in me,
The ſcope and tenure of thy jealouſy?
O! no, thy love, tho' much is not ſo great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love, that doth my reſt defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy ſake.
For thee watch I, whilſt thou doſt wake elſewhere,
From me far off, with others all too neer.

A Valdiction.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead;
When you ſhall hear the ſurly ſullen bell
Give warning to the world, that I am fled
From this vile world, with vileſt worms to dwell.
Nay, if you read this line remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you ſo,
That I in your ſweet thoughts wou'd be forgot,
If thinking on me then, ſhould make you woe.
O! if (I ſay) you look upon this verſe,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay;
Do not ſo much as my poor name rehearſe,
But let your love even with my life decay;

Leſt

Leſt the wiſe world ſhould look into your moan,
And mock you with me, after I am gone.

O! leſt the world ſhould taſk you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you ſhould love;
After my death (dear love!) forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove:
Unleſs you would deviſe ſome virtuous lie,
To do more for me now, than mine own deſert,
And hang more praiſe upon deceaſed I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart.
O! leſt your true love may ſeem falſe in this,
That you for love ſpeak well of me untrue;
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to ſhame nor me, nor you:
For I am ſham'd by that which I bring forth;
And ſo ſhould you, to love things nothing worth.

But be contented, when that fell arreſt,
Without all bail, ſhall carry me away;
My life hath in this line ſome intereſt,
Which for memorial ſtill with thee ſhall ſtay.
When thou revieweſt this, thou doſt review
The very part was conſecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My ſprite is thine, the better part of me.
So then thou haſt but loſt the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conqueſt of a wretch's knife,
Too baſe of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains;
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

Nil Magnis Invidia.

That thou art blam'd, ſhall not be thy defect,
For ſlander's mark was ever yet the fair:
The ornament of beauty is ſuſpect;
A crow that flies in heaven's ſweeteſt air.

So thou be good, ſlander doth but approve
Their worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the ſweeteſt buds doth love,
And thou preſent'ſt a pure unſtained prime.
Thou haſt paſt by the ambuſh of young days,
Either not aſſail'd, or victor, being charg'd;
Yet this thy praiſe cannot be ſo thy praiſe,
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd;
If ſome ſuſpect of ill, maſk not thy ſhow,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts ſhould'ſt owe.

Love-Sick.

O how I faint, when I of you do write!
Knowing a better ſpirit doth uſe your name:
And in the praiſe thereof ſpends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, ſpeaking of your fame.
But ſince your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudeſt ſail doth bear;
My ſaucy bark (inferior far to his)
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your ſhalloweſt help will hold me up a-float,
Whilſt he upon your ſoundleſs deep doth ride;
Or (being wreck'd) I am a worthleſs boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.
Then if he thrive, and I be caſt away,
The worſt was this, my love was my decay.

Or ſhall I live your epitaph to make?
Or you ſurvive when I in earth am rotten?
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Altho' in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life ſhall have,
Tho' I (once gone) to all the world muſt die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you intombed in mens eyes ſhall lie:
Your monument ſhall be my gentle verſe,
Which eyes not yet created ſhall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being ſhall rehearſe,
When all the breathers of this world are dead:
You ſtill ſhall live (ſuch virtue hath my pen)
Where breath moſt breathes, ev'n in the mouths of men.

The Picture of True Love.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempeſts, and is never ſhaken:
It is the ſtar to every wand'ring bark,
Whoſe worth's unknown, altho' his height be taken.
Love's not time's fool, tho' roſy lips and cheeks
Within his bending ſickle's compaſs come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

In Praiſe of his Love.

I grant thou wert not marry'd to my muſe,
And therefore may'ſt without attaint o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers uſe
Of their fair ſubject, bleſſing every book:
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue;
Finding thy worth a limit paſt my praiſe;
And therefore art inforc'd to ſeek a-new
Some freſher ſtamp of the time-bettering days:
And do ſo love, yet when they have devis'd
What ſtrained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair, wer't truly ſympathiz'd,
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend.
And their groſs painting might be better us'd,
Where cheeks need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

I never ſaw that you did painting need,
And therefore to you fair no painting ſet;
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:

And

And therefore have I ſlept in your report,
That you yourſelf being extant, well might ſhow,
How far a modern quill doth come too ſhort,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This ſilence of my ſin you did impute,
Which ſhall be moſt my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praiſe deviſe.

Who is it, that ſays moſt, which can ſay more
Than this rich praiſe, that you alone are you?
In whoſe confine immured is the ſtore,
Which ſhould example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his ſubject lends not ſome ſmall glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, ſo dignifies his ſtory.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worſe what nature made ſo clear;
And ſuch a counterpart ſhall fame his writ,
Making him ſtill admired every where.
You to your beauteous bleſſing add a curſe,
Being fond of praiſe, which makes your praiſes worſe.

My tongue-ty'd muſe in manners holds her ſtill,
While comments of your praiſe, richly compil'd,
Reſerve their character with golden quill,
And precious phraſe by all the muſes fill'd.
I think good thoughts, whilſt others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, ſtill cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able ſpirit affords,
In poliſh'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praiſed, I ſay 'tis ſo, 'tis true,
And to the moſt of praiſe add ſomething more;
But that is in my thought, whoſe love to you
(Tho' words come hindmoſt) holds his ranks before:
Then others, for the breath of words, reſpect;
Me for my dumb thoughts, ſpeaking in effect.

A Reſignation.

Was it the proud full ſail of his great verſe,
Bound for the prize of (all-too-precious) you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain rehearſe,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his ſpirit, by ſpirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch that ſtruck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verſe aſtoniſhed.
He nor that affable familiar ghoſt,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my ſilence cannot boaſt;
I was not ſick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter that infeebled mine.

Farewel, thou art too dear for my poſſeſſing,
And, like enough, thou know'ſt thy eſtimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releaſing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee, but by thy granting,
And for that riches where is my deſerving?
The cauſe of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And ſo my patent back again is ſwerving.
Thyſelf thou gav'ſt, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'ſt it, elſe miſtaking.
So thy great gift upon miſpriſion growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In ſleep a king, but waking, no ſuch matter.

Sympathizing Love.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of *May*,
Sitting in a pleaſant ſhade,
With a grove of myrtles made,
Beaſts did leap, and birds did ſing,
Trees did grow, and plants did ſpring:

Every

Every thing did baniſh moan,
Save the nightingale alone;
She (poor bird!) as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breaſt up-till a thorn,
And there ſung the dolefull'ſt ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would ſhe cry;
Tereu, Tereu, by and by;
That to hear her ſo complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain:
For her griefs ſo lovely ſhown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'ſt in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senſeleſs trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthleſs bears, they will not chear thee;
King *Pandion* he is dead;
All thy friends are lap'd in lead;
All thy fellow-birds do ſing,
Careleſs of thy ſorrowing:
Whilſt as fickle fortune ſmil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd:
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miſery.
Words are eaſy, like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilſt thou haſt wherewith to ſpend:
But if ſtore of crowns be ſcant,
No man will ſupply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call:
And with ſuch like flattering,
Pity but he was a king.
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will intice.
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment.
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewel his great renown:

They

They that fawn'd on him before,
Uſe his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou ſorrow, he will weep;
If thou awake, he cannot ſleep.
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
Theſe are certain ſigns to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

A Requeſt to his Scornful Love.

When thou ſhalt be diſpos'd to ſet me light,
And place my merit in the eye of ſcorn,
Upon thy ſide, againſt thyſelf I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, tho' thou art forſworn.
With mine own weakneſs being beſt acquainted,
Upon thy part I can ſet down a ſtory
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted:
That thou in loſing me ſhalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too.
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee;
The injuries that to myſelf I do,
Doing thee 'vantage, double 'vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I ſo belong,
That for thy right, myſelf will bear all wrong.

Say that thou didſt forſake me for ſome fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameneſs, and I ſtrait will halt;
Againſt thy reaſons making no defence.
Thou canſt not (love) diſgrace me half ſo ill,
To ſet a form upon deſired change,
As I'll myſelf diſgrace; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance ſtrangle, and look ſtrange;
Be abſent from thy walks, and on my tongue
Thy ſweet beloved name no more ſhall dwell,
Leſt I (too much profane) ſhould do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, againſt myſelf, I'll vow debate;
For I muſt ne'er love him, whom thou doſt hate.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to croſs,
Join with the ſpite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after loſs:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'ſcap'd this ſorrow,
Come in the rereward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me laſt,
When other petty griefs have done their ſpite;
But in the onſet come, ſo ſhall I taſte
At firſt the very worſt of fortune's might.
And other ſtrains of woe, which now ſeem woe,
Compar'd with loſs of thee, will not ſeem ſo.

Some glory in their birth, ſome in their ſkill,
Some in their wealth, ſome in their bodies force,
Some in their garments, tho' new-fangl'd ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, ſome in their horſe:
And every humour hath his adjunct pleaſure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the reſt.
But theſe particulars are not my meaſure,
All theſe I better, in one general beſt.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments coſt;
Of more delight than hawks or horſes be:
And having thee, of all men's pride I boaſt.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'ſt take
All this away, and me moſt wretched make.

A Lover's Affection, though his Love prove Unconſtant.

But do thy worſt to ſteal thyſelf away,
For term of life thou art aſſured mine;
And life no longer than my love will ſtay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worſt of wrongs,
When in the leaſt of them my life hath end;
I ſee a better ſtate to me belongs,
Than that which on my humour doth depend.

Thou canſt not vex me with inconſtant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie;
Oh! what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's ſo bleſſed fair that fears no blot?
Thou may'ſt be falſe, and yet I know it not.

So ſhall I live, ſuppoſing thou art true,
Like a deceived huſband; ſo love's face
May ſtill ſeem to love me, tho' alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place.
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In manies looks the falſe heart's hiſtory
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles ſtrange:
But heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face ſweet love ſhould ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts, or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks ſhall nothing thence but ſweetneſs tell.
How like *Eve*'s apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy ſweet virtue anſwer not thy ſhow!

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they muſt do, ſhow;
Who moving others, are themſelves as ſtone
Unmoved, cold and to temptation ſlow:
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
And huſband nature's riches from expence;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but ſtewards of their excellence.
The ſummer's flower is to the ſummer ſweet,
Tho' to itſelf it only live and die;
But if that flower with baſe infection meet,
The baſeſt weed out-braves his dignity:
For ſweeteſt things turn ſoureſt by their deeds;
Lilies, that feſter, ſmell far worſe than weeds.

How ſweet and lovely doſt thou make the ſhame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant roſe,
Doth ſpot the beauty of thy budding name?
Oh! in what ſweets doſt thou thy ſins incloſe!

That

That tongue that tells the ſtory of thy days,
(Making laſcivious comments on thy ſport)
Cannot diſpraiſe, but in a kind of praiſe;
Naming thy name, bleſſes an ill report.
Oh! what a manſion have thoſe vices got,
Which for their habitation chuſe out thee:
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can ſee!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege,
The hardeſt knife, ill us'd, doth loſe his edge.

Complaint for his Lover's Abſence.

How like a winter hath my abſence been
From thee, the pleaſure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days ſeen?
What old *December*'s barrenneſs every where?
And yet this time remov'd was ſummer's time;
The teeming autumn big with rich increaſe,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's deceaſe.
Yet this abundant iſſue ſeem'd to me,
But hope of orphans and un-father'd fruit;
For ſummer and his pleaſures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute:
Or if they ſing, 'tis with ſo dull a chear,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

From you have I been abſent in the ſpring,
When proud py'd *April* (dreſt in all his trim)
Hath put a ſpirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy *Saturn* laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet not the lays of birds, nor the ſweet ſmell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Cou'd make me any ſummer's ſtory tell;
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praiſe the deep vermillion in the roſe;
They were but ſweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all thoſe.
Yet ſeem'd it winter ſtill, and you away,
As with your ſhadow I with theſe did play.

The forward violet thus did I chide;
Sweet thief! whence didſt thou ſteal thy ſweet that ſmells,
If not from my love's breath? the purple pride,
Which on thy ſoft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou haſt too groſly dy'd:
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had ſtol'n thy hair;
The roſes fearfully on thorns did ſtand,
One bluſhing ſhame, another white deſpair;
A third nor red, nor white, had ſtol'n of both,
And to his robb'ry had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could ſee,
But ſweet or colour it had ſtol'n from thee.

An Invocation to his Muſe.

Where art thou, muſe, that thou forget'ſt ſo long
To ſpeak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'ſt thou thy fury on ſome worthleſs ſong,
Dark'ning thy power to lend baſe ſubjects light?
Return, forgetful muſe, and ſtrait redeem,
In gentle numbers, time ſo idly ſpent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays eſteem,
And give thy pen both ſkill and argument.
Riſe, reſty muſe, my love's ſweet face ſurvey,
If time hath any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a *ſatire* to decay,
And make time's ſpoils deſpiſed every where.
Give my love fame, faſter than time waſtes life,
So thou prevent'ſt his ſcythe, and crooked knife.

Oh! truant muſe! what ſhall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
But truth and beauty on my love depends:
So doſt thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make anſwer, muſe, wilt thou not haply ſay,
Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But beſt is beſt, if never intermix'd.

Becauſe

Becauſe he needs no praiſe, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuſe no ſilence ſo, for't lies in thee
To make her much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, muſe, I teach thee how
To make her ſeem long hence, as ſhe ſhows now.

Conſtant Affection.

To me, fair love, you never can be old;
For as you were when firſt your eye I ey'd,
Such ſeems your beauty ſtill. Three winters cold
Have from the foreſt ſhook three ſummers pride;
Three beauteous ſprings to yellow *Autumn* turn'd,
In proceſs of the ſeaſons, have I ſeen;
Three *April* perfumes in three hot *Junes* burn'd,
Since firſt I ſaw you, freſh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no place perceiv'd;
So your ſweet hue, which, methinks, ſtill does ſtand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you was born, was beauty's ſummer dead.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol ſhow;
Since all alike my ſongs and praiſes be
To one, of one, ſtill ſuch, and ever ſo.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still conſtant in a wond'rous excellence;
Therefore my verſe to conſtancy confin'd,
One thing expreſſing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention ſpent;
Three themes in one, which wond'rous ſcope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone:
Which three, till now, have never ſate in one.

When in the chronicle of waſted time,
I ſee deſcriptions of the faireſt wights,

And beauty making beautiful old rhime,
In praiſe of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
Then in the blazon of ſweet beauty's beſt,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I ſee their antic pen would have expreſs'd
Even ſuch a beauty as you maſter now.
So all their praiſes are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not ſtill enough your worth to ſing:
For we who now behold theſe preſent days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praiſe.

Amazement.

My love is ſtrength'ned, tho' more weak in ſeeming;
I love not leſs, tho' leſs the ſhow appear:
That love is merchandiz'd, whoſe rich eſteeming
The owner's tongue doth publiſh every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the ſpring,
When I was wont to greet it in my lays;
As *Philomel* in ſummer's front doth ſing,
And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper days.
Not that the ſummer is leſs pleaſant now,
Than when her mournful hymns did huſh the night;
But that wild muſic burdens every bough,
And ſweets grown common, loſe their dear delight.
Therefore like her I ſometime hold my tongue,
Becauſe I would not dull you with my ſong.

Alack! what poverty my muſe brings forth!
That having ſuch a ſcope to ſhow her pride,
The argument all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praiſe beſide.
Oh! blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glaſs, and there appears a face,
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace.
Were it not ſinful then, ſtriving to mend,
To marr the ſubject that before was well?

For

For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces, and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

A Lover's Excuse for his long Absence.

Oh! never say that I was false of heart,
Tho' absence seem'd my flame to qualify;
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in my breast doth lie.
That is my home of love; if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd;
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, tho' in my nature reign'd
All frailties, that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all.

Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there;
And made myself a motly to thy view;
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear;
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worst assays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end,
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

A Complaint.

Oh! for my ſake do you with fortune chide
The guilty goddeſs of my harmleſs deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it, that my name receives a brand,
And almoſt thence my nature is ſubdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wiſh I were renew'd;
Whilſt like a willing patient I will drink
Potions of eyſel 'gainſt my ſtrong infection,
No bitterneſs, that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I aſſure ye,
E'en that your pity is enough to cure me.

Your love and pity doth th' impreſſion fill,
Which vulgar ſcandal ſtamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-ſkreen my bad, my good allow?
You are my all, the world and I muſt ſtrive,
To know my ſhames and praiſes from your tongue;
None elſe to me, nor I to none alive,
That my ſteel'd ſenſe or changes right or wrong.
In ſo profound abyſme I throw all care
Of others voices, that my adder's ſenſe
To critic and to flatt'rer ſtopped are:
Mark how with my neglect I do diſpenſe.
You are ſo ſtrongly in my purpoſe bred,
That all the world beſides me thinks I'm dead.

Self-Flattery of her Beauty.

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
And, that which governs me to go about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind;
Seems ſeeing, but effectually is out.
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of birds, or flower, or ſhape, which it doth lack;

Of

Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch:
For if it see the rud'ſt or gentleſt ſight,
The moſt ſweet favour or deformedſt creature,
The mountain or the ſea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it ſhapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My moſt true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether ſhall I ſay mine eye ſaith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy?
To make of monſters, and things indigeſt,
Such cherubims as your ſweet ſelf reſemble;
Creating every bad a perfect beſt,
As faſt as objects to his beams aſſemble?
Oh! tis the firſt, 'tis flatt'ry in my ſeeing,
And my great mind moſt kindly drinks it up;
Mine eye well knows what with his guſt is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup.
If it be poiſon'd, 'tis the leſſer ſin,
That mine eye loves it, and doth firſt begin.

Thoſe lines, that I before have writ, do lye,
E'en thoſe that ſaid I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment knew no reaſon why,
My moſt full flame ſhould afterwards burn clearer.
But reck'ning time, whoſe million accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Can ſacred beauty, blunt the ſharp'ſt intents,
Divert ſtrong minds to th' courſe of alt'ring things;
Alas! why fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then ſay, now I love you beſt,
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the preſent, doubting of the reſt?
Love is a babe, then might I not ſay ſo,
To give full growth to that which ſtill doth grow?

A Trial of Love's Conſtancy.

Accuſe me thus; that I have ſcanted all,
Wherein I ſhould your great deſerts repay,
Forgot upon your deareſt love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear purchas'd right;
That I have hoiſted ſails to all the winds,
Which ſhould tranſport me fartheſt from your ſight.
Book both my wilfulneſs and error down,
And on juſt proof ſurmiſe, accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But ſhoot not at me in your wakened hate:
Since my appeal ſays, I did ſtrive to prove
The conſtancy and virtue of your love.

Like as you make your appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As to prevent our maladies unſeen,
We ſicken, to ſhun ſickneſs, when we purge:
Even ſo being full of your near cloying ſweetneſs,
To bitter ſauces did I frame my feeding;
And ſick of welfare, found a kind of meekneſs,
To be diſeas'd ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, t' anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults aſſured,
And brought to medicine a healthful ſtate,
Which rank of goodneſs would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and find the leſſon true,
Drugs poiſon him that ſo fell ſick of you.

What potions have I drunk of *Siren* tears,
Diſtill'd from limbecks foul as hell within?
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still loſing when I ſaw myſelf to win.
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilſt it hath thought itſelf ſo bleſſed never?
How have mine eyes out of their ſpheres been fitted,
In the diſtraction of this madding fever?

Oh!

Oh! benefit of ill! now I find true,
That better is by evil ſtill made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at firſt, more ſtrong, far greater.
So I return rebuke to my content,
And gain by ills thrice more than I have ſpent.

A good Conſtruction of his Love's Unkindneſs.

That you were once unkind befriends me now;
And for that ſorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs muſt I under my tranſgreſſion bow,
Unleſs my nerves were braſs or hammer'd ſteel.
For if you were by my unkindneſs ſhaken,
As I by yours, y' have paſs'd a hell of time;
And I a tyrant have no leiſure taken,
To weigh how once I ſuffer'd in your crime.
Oh! that our night of woe might have remembered
My deepeſt ſenſe, how hard true ſorrow hits,
And ſoon to you, as you to me then tendered
The humble ſalve, which wounded boſoms fits!
But that your treſpaſs now becomes a fee,
Mine ranſoms yours, and yours muſt ranſom me.

Error in Opinion.

'Tis better to be vile than vile eſteem'd,
When not to be, receives reproach of being;
And the juſt pleaſure loſt, which is ſo deem'd,
Not by our feeling, but by others ſeeing.
For why ſhould others falſe adulterate eyes
Give ſalutation to my ſportive blood?
Or on my frailties, who are frailer ſpies;
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuſes, reckon up their own;
I may be ſtreight, tho' they themſelves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds muſt not be ſhown;
Unleſs this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badneſs reign.

Upon the Receipt of a Table-Book from his Miſtreſs.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain,
Full character'd with a laſting memory,
Which ſhall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity;
Or at the leaſt, ſo long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to ſubſiſt;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miſt.
That poor retention could not ſo much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to ſcore;
Therefore to give them from me, was I bold
To truſt thoſe tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulneſs in me.

A Vow.

No, Time! thou ſhalt not boaſt that I do change,
Thy pyramids built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing ſtrange;
They are but dreſſings of a former ſight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou doſt foiſt upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our deſire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy regiſters and thee I both defy,
Not wond'ring at the preſent nor the paſt;
For thy records, and what we ſee doth lye,
Made more or leſs by thy continual haſte.
This I do vow, and this ſhall ever be;
I will be true, deſpite thy ſcythe and thee.

Love's Safety.

If my dear love were but the child of ſtate,
It might for fortune's baſtard be un-father'd;
As ſubject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.

No,

No, it was builded far from accident,
It ſuffers not in ſmiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled diſcontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our faſhion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leaſes of ſhort number'd hours,
But all alone ſtands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with ſhowers.
To this I witneſs call the fools of time,
Which die for goodneſs, who have liv'd for crime.

An Intreaty for her Acceptance.

Where it ought to be, I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring;
Or laid great baſes for eternity,
Which prove more ſhort than waſte or ruining.
Have I not ſeen dwellers on form and favour,
Loſe all, and more, by paying too much rent
For compound ſweet, foregoing ſimple favour?
Pitiful thrivers in their gazing ſpent,
No, let me be obſequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with ſeconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence thou ſuborn'd informer! a true ſoul,
When moſt impeach'd, ſtands leaſt in thy controul.

Upon her playing on the Virginals.

How oft when thou thy muſic, muſic-play'ſt,
Upon that bleſſed wood, whoſe motion ſounds
With thy ſweet fingers, when thou gently ſway'ſt:
The witty concord that mine ear confounds;
Do I envy thoſe jacks that nimbly leap,
To kiſs the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilſt my poor lips, which ſhould that harveſt reap,
At the wood's boldneſs, by thee bluſhing ſtand.
To be ſo tickled they would change their ſtate,
And ſituation with thoſe dancing chips,

O'er

O'er whom their fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bleſt than living lips.
Since ſaucy jacks ſo happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiſs.

Immoderate Luſt.

Th' expence of ſpirit in a waſte of ſhame,
Is luſt in action; and till action, luſt
Is perjur'd, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to truſt;
Enjoy'd no ſooner, but deſpiſed ſtreight,
Paſt reaſon hunted, and no ſooner had,
Paſt reaſon hated as a ſwallow'd bait,
On purpoſe laid to make the taker mad.
Made in purſuit and in poſſeſſion ſo,
Had, having, and in queſt, to have extreme,
A bliſs in proof, and proud, and very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
To ſhun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

In Praiſe of her Beauty, though black.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name:
But now is black beauty's ſucceſſive heir,
And beauty ſlander'd with a baſtard ſhame:
For ſince each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's falſe borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd; if not, lives in diſgrace.
Therefore my miſtreſs' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes ſo ſuited, and they mourners ſeem,
At ſuch who not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a falſe eſteem:
Yet ſo they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That very tongue ſays beauty ſhould look ſo.

My miſtreſs' eyes are nothing like the ſun,
Coral is far more red than her lips red;
If ſnow be white, why then her breaſts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have ſeen roſes, damaſk, red, and white;
But no ſuch roſes ſee I in her cheeks:
And in ſome perfumes there is more delight,
Than in the breath that from my miſtreſs reeks.
I love to hear her ſpeak, yet well I know,
That muſic hath a far more pleaſing ſound:
I grant I never ſaw a goddeſs go;
My miſtreſs, when ſhe walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any ſhe, bely'd with falſe compare.

Thou art tyrannous, ſo thou art,
As thoſe whoſe beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'ſt to my dear doating heart,
Thou art the faireſt, and moſt precious jewel.
Yet in good faith ſome ſay that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan;
To ſay they err, I dare not be ſo bold,
Altho' I ſwear it to myſelf alone.
And to be ſure that is not falſe I ſwear;
A thouſand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One one another's neck do witneſs bear:
Thy black is faireſt in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, ſave in thy deeds,
And thence this ſlander, as I think, proceeds.

Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with diſdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning-ſun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the eaſt;
Nor that full ſtar that uſhers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the ſober weſt,
As t ſe two mourning eyes become thy face:
Oh! let it then as well beſeem thy heart

To mourn for me, ſince mourning doth thee grace,
And ſute thy pity like in every part.
Then will I ſwear beauty herſelf is black,
And all they foul that thy complection lack.

Unkind Abuſe.

Beſhrew that heart that makes my heart to groan,
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me;
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But ſlave to ſlavery my ſweeteſt friend muſt be?
Me from myſelf thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next ſelf thou harder haſt engroſs'd;
Of him, myſelf, and thee I am forſaken,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be croſs'd.
Priſon my heart in thy ſteel boſom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard,
Thou canſt not then uſe rigour in my jail.
And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

So now I have confeſt that he is thine,
And I myſelf am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myſelf I'll forfeit, ſo that other mine
Thou wilt reſtore to me, my comfort ſtill.
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd, but ſurety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as faſt doth bind.
The ſtatute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou uſurer, that put'ſt forth all to uſe;
And ſue a friend, came debtor for my ſake,
So him I loſe thro' my unkind abuſe.
Him have I loſt, thou haſt both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet I am not free.

Love-Suit.

Whoever hath her wiſh, thou haſt thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;

More

More than enough am I that vex thee ſtill,
To thy ſweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whoſe will is large and ſpacious,
Not once vouchſafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others ſeem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance ſhine?
The ſea all water, yet receives rain ſtill,
And in abundance addeth to his ſtore;
So thou being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no unkind, no fair beſeechers kill,
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

If thy ſoul check thee that I come ſo near,
Swear to thy blind ſoul that I was thy *Will*;
And will, thy ſoul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-ſuit ſweet fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treaſure of thy love,
I fill it full with wills, and my will one:
In things of great receipt with eaſe we prove,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me paſs untold,
Tho' in thy ſtore's account I one muſt be:
For nothing hold me, ſo it pleaſe thee hold
That nothing me, a ſomething ſweet to thee.
Make but my name thy love, and love that ſtill,
And then thou lov'ſt me, for my name is *Will*.

His Heart wounded by her Eye.

Thou blind fool, love, what doſt thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and ſee not what they ſee?
They know what beauty is, ſee where it lies;
Yet what the beſt is, take the worſt to be.
If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride;
Why of eyes falſhood haſt thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?
Why ſhould my heart think that a ſeveral plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?

Or mine eyes ſeeing this, ſay this is not
To put fair truth upon ſo foul a face;
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this falſe plague are they now transferr'd.

O! call not me to juſtify the wrong,
That thy unkindneſs lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Uſe power with power, and ſlay me not by art:
Tell me thou lov'ſt elſewhere; but in my ſight,
Dear heart forbear to glance thine eye aſide;
What need'ſt thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-preſt defence can bide?
Let me excuſe thee; ah! my love well knows,
Her pretty looks have been my enemies,
And therefore from my face ſhe turns my foes,
That they elſewhere might dart their injuries.
Yet do not ſo, but ſince I am near ſlain,
Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

Be wiſe as thou art cruel, do not preſs
My tongue-ty'd patience with too much diſdain:
Leſt ſorrow lend me words, and words expreſs
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Tho' not to love, yet love to tell me ſo:
As teſty ſick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their phyſicians know.
For if I ſhould deſpair, I ſhould grow mad,
And in my madneſs might ſpeak ill of thee;
Now this ill-wreſting world is grown ſo bad,
Mad ſlanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be ſo, nor thou bely'd,
Bear thine eyes ſtrait, tho' thy proud heart go wide.

A Proteſtation.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thouſand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they deſpiſe,
Who in deſpite of view is pleas'd to doat.
Nor

Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to baſe touches prone,
Nor taſte, nor ſmell deſire to be invited
To any ſenſual feaſt with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five ſenſes can
Diſſuade one fooliſh heart from ſerving thee;
Who leaves unſway'd the likeneſs of a man,
Thy proud heart's ſlave and vaſſal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That ſhe that makes me ſin, rewards my pain.

Love is my ſin, and my dear virtue, hate;
Hate of ſin, grounded on a ſinful loving:
O! but with mine, compare thou thine own ſtate,
And thou ſhalt find it merits not reproving:
Or if it do, not from thoſe lips of thine,
That have profan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
And ſeal'd falſe bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others beds revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful, I love thee, as thou lov'ſt thoſe,
Whom thine eyes woo, as mine importune thee;
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deſerve to pity'd be.
If thou doſt ſeek to have what thou doſt hide,
By ſelf-example may'ſt thou be deny'd!

An Allusion.

Lo! as a careful houſewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away;
Sets down her babe, and makes all ſwift diſpatch,
In purſuit of the thing ſhe would have ſtay:
Whilſt her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her, whoſe buſy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face;
Not prizing her poor infant's diſcontent.
So run'ſt thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilſt I thy babe chaſe thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiſs me, be kind.
So will I pray, that thou may'ſt have thy *Will*,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying ſtill.

Life and Death.

Thoſe lips that love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the ſound that ſaid, I hate,
To me that languiſh'd for her ſake:
But when ſhe ſaw my woful ſtate,
Strait in her heart did mercy come;
Chiding that tongue, that, ever ſweet,
Was us'd in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate, ſhe alter'd with an end
That follow'd it, as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate, from hate away ſhe threw,
And ſav'd my life, ſaying, *not you*.

A Conſideration of Death.

Poor ſoul! the center of my ſinful earth,
My ſinful earth theſe rebel powers that thee array,
Why doſt thou pine within and ſuffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls in coſtly clay?
Why ſo large coſt, having ſo ſhort a leaſe,
Doſt thou upon thy faded manſion ſpend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this exceſs,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, ſoul, live thou upon thy ſervant's loſs,
And let that pine to aggravate thy ſtore;
Buy terms divine in ſelling hours of droſs;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So ſhalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Immoderate Paſſion.

My love is as a fever, longing ſtill
For that which longer nurſeth the diſeaſe;
Feeding on that which doth preſerve the ill,
Th' uncertain ſickly appetite to pleaſe.

My reaſon, the phyſician to my love,
Angry that his preſcriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I deſperate now approve;
Deſire is death, which phyſic did accept.
Paſt cure I am, now reaſon is paſt cure;
And frantic mad with evermore unreſt,
My thoughts and my diſcourſe as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly expreſs'd.
For I have ſworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

Love's Powerful Subtlety.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correſpondence with true ſight!
Or if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That cenſures falſly what they ſee aright?
If that be fair whereon my falſe eyes doat,
What means the world to ſay it is not ſo?
If it be not, then love doth well denote,
Love's eye is not ſo true as all mens. No.
How can it? O how can love's eye be true,
That is ſo vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, tho' I miſtake my view;
The ſun itſelf ſees not, till Heaven clears.
O! cunning love! with tears thou keep'ſt me blind,
Leſt eyes well-ſeeing thy foul faults ſhould find.

Can'ſt thou, O cruel! ſay I love thee not?
When I againſt myſelf with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
All of myſelf, all tyrant for thy ſake?
Who hateſt thou, that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'ſt thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou low'rſt on me, do I not ſpend
Revenge upon myſelf with preſent moan?
What merit do I in myſelf reſpect,
That is ſo proud thy ſervice to deſpiſe;
When all my beſt doth worſhip thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on; for now I know thy mind,
Thoſe that can ſee, thou lov'ſt; and I am blind.

Oh! from what power haſt thou this powerful might,
With inſufficiency my heart to ſway;
To make me give the lye to my true ſight,
And ſwear that brightneſs doth not grace the day?
Whence haſt thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuſe of thy deeds,
There is ſuch ſtrength and warrantiſe of ſkill,
That in my mind thy worſt all beſt exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and ſee juſt cauſe of hate?
Oh! tho' I love what others do abhor,
With others thou ſhould'ſt not abhor my ſtate.
If thy unworthineſs rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

Retaliation.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muſe,
And found ſuch fair aſſiſtance in my verſe,
As every alien pen hath got my uſe,
And under thee their poeſy diſperſe.
Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to ſing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majeſty:
Yet be moſt proud of that, which I compile,
Whoſe influence is thine, and born of thee;
In others works thou doſt but mend the ſtile,
And arts with thy ſweet graces graced be:
But thou art all my art, and doſt advance,
As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

Whilſt I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verſe alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my ſick muſe doth give another place.
I grant, ſweet love! thy lovely argument
Deſerves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee agen;

He

He lends thee virtue, and he ſtole that word
From thy behaviour. Beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek. He can afford
No praiſe to thee, but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth ſay,
Since what he owes to thee, thou thyſelf doſt pay.

Sun-Set.

That time of year thou may'ſt in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon thoſe boughs, which ſhake againſt the cold,
Bare ruin'd quires, where late the ſweet birds ſang.
In me thou ſeeſt the twilights of ſuch day,
As after ſun-ſet fadeth in the weſt;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's ſecond ſelf that ſeals up all in reſt.
In me thou ſee'ſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
That on the aſhes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it muſt expire,
Conſum'd by that which it was nouriſh'd by.
'Tis thou perceiv'ſt, which makes thy love more ſtrong
To love that well, which thou muſt leave ere long.

Thy glaſs will ſhew thee how thy beauties wear:
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waſte;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'ſt thou taſte.
The wrinkles, which thy glaſs will truly ſhow,
Of mouthed graves will give the memory:
Thou by thy dial's ſhady ſtealth may'ſt know
Time's thieviſh progreſs to eternity.
Look what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to theſe waſte blacks, and thou ſhalt find
Thoſe children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
Theſe offices, ſo oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much inrich thy book.

A Monument to Fame.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic ſoul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the leaſe of my true love controul,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipſe endur'd,
And the ſad augurs mock their own preſage:
Incertainties now crown themſelves aſſur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endleſs age.
Now with the drops of this moſt balmy time,
My love looks freſh, and death to me ſubſcribes;
Since ſpite of him I'll live in this poor rhime,
While he inſults o'er dull and ſpeechleſs tribes.
And thou in this ſhalt find thy monument,
When tyrants creſts and tombs of braſs are ſpent.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true ſpirit?
What's now to ſpeak, what now to regiſter,
That may expreſs my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, ſweet love! but yet like prayers divine,
I muſt each day ſay o'er the very ſame;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
E'en as when firſt I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love, in love's freſh caſe,
Weighs not the duſt and injuries of age,
Nor gives to neceſſary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page:
Finding the firſt conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would ſhew it dead.

Perjury.

Love is too young to know what conſcience is,
Yet who knows not conſcience is born of love?
Then gentle cheater urge not my amiſs,
Leſt guilty of my faults thy ſweet ſelf prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my groſs body's treaſon;

My ſoul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love, fleſh ſtays no farther reaſon:
But riſing at thy name doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize; proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To ſtand in thy affairs, fall by thy ſide.
No want of conſcience hold it, that I call
Her love, for whoſe dear love I riſe and fall.

In loving thee, thou know'ſt I am forſworn,
But thou art twice forſworn to me love ſwearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths breach do I accuſe thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd moſt;
For all my vows are oaths but to miſuſe thee;
And all my honeſt faith in thee is loſt.
For I have ſworn deep oaths of thy deep kindneſs;
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy conſtancy;
And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindneſs;
Or made them ſwear againſt the thing they ſee.
For I have ſworn thee fair; more perjur'd I,
To ſwear againſt the truth ſo foul a lye.

The Tale of Cephalus *and* Procris.

Beneath *Hymettus'* hill, well cloth'd with flowers,
A holy well her ſoft ſprings gently poure:
Where ſtands a cops, in which the wood-nymphs ſhrove,
(No wood) it rather ſeems a ſlender grove.
The humble ſhrubs and buſhes hide the graſs,
Here laurel, roſemary, here myrtle was:
Here grew thick box, and tam'riſk, that excels,
And made a mere confuſion of ſweet ſmells:
The triffoly, the pine; and on this heath
Stands many a plant that feels cold *Zephyr's* breath.
Here the young *Cephalus*, tir'd in the chace,
Us'd his repoſe and reſt alone t' embrace;
And where he ſat, theſe words he would repeat,
'Come, air, ſweet air, come cool my mighty heat!

'Come, gentle air, I never will forſake thee,
'I'll hug thee thus, and in my boſom take thee.'
Some double duteous tell-tale hapt to hear this,
And to his jealous wife doth ſtraitway bear this;
Which *Procris* hearing, and withal the name
Of air, ſweet air, which he did oft proclaim,
She ſtands confounded, and amaz'd with grief,
By giving this fond tale too ſound belief.
And looks, as do the trees by winter nipt,
Whom froſt and cold of fruit and leaves half ſtript.
She bends like corveil, when too rank it grows,
Or when the ripe fruits clog the quince-tree boughs.
But when ſhe comes t' herſelf, ſhe tears
Her garments, eyes, her cheeks, and hairs;
And then ſhe ſtarts, and to her feet applies her,
Then to the wood (ſtark wood) in rage ſhe hies her.
Approaching ſomewhat near, her ſervants they
By her appointment in a valley ſtay;
While ſhe alone, with creeping paces, ſteals
To take the ſtrumpet, whom her lord conceals.
What mean'ſt thou, *Procris*, in theſe groves to hide thee?
What rage of love doth to this madneſs guide thee?
Thou hop'ſt the air he calls, in all her bravery,
Will ſtrait approach, and thou ſhalt ſee their knavery.
And now again it irks her to be there,
For ſuch a killing ſight her heart will tear.
No truce can with her troubled thoughts diſpenſe,
She would not now be there, nor yet be thence.
Behold the place her jealous mind foretels,
Here do they uſe to meet, and no where elſe:
The graſs is laid, and ſee their true impreſſion,
Even here they lay! aye, here was their tranſgreſſion.
A body's print ſhe ſaw, it was his ſeat,
Which makes her faint heart 'gainſt her ribs to beat.
Phœbus the lofty eaſtern hill had ſcal'd,
And all moiſt vapours from the earth exhal'd.
Now in his noon-tide point he ſhineth bright,
It was the middle hour, 'twixt noon and night.
Behold young *Cephalus* draws to the place,
And with the fountain water ſprinks his face.

Procris

Procris is hid, upon the grass he lies,
And come sweet *Zephyr*, come sweet air, he cries.
She sees her error now from where he stood,
Her mind returns to her, and her fresh blood;
Among the shrubs and briers she moves and rustles,
And the injurious bough away she justles,
Intending, as he lay there to repose him,
Nimbly to run, and in her arms inclose him.
He quickly casts his eye upon the bush,
Thinking therein some savage beast did rush;
His bow he bends, and a keen shaft he draws:
Unhappy man, what dost thou? stay, and pause,
It is no brute beast thou would'st 'reave of life;
O! man unhappy! thou hast slain thy wife!
O heaven! she cries, O help me! I am slain;
Still doth thy arrow in my wound remain.
Yet tho' by timeless fate my bones here lie,
It glads me most, that I no cuck-quean die.
Her breath (thus in the arms she most affected)
She breathes into the air (before suspected)
The whilst he lifts her body from the ground,
And with his tears doth wash her bleeding wound.

Cupid's *Treachery.*

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep;
A maid of *Dian*'s this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground:
Which borrow'd from his holy fire of love,
A dateless lively heat still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eyes love's brand new fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I sick withal the help of bath desired,
And thither hied a sad distemper'd guest:
But found no cure, the bath for my help lies,
When *Cupid* got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

The little love-god lying once aſleep,
Laid by his ſide his heart and flaming brand,
Whilſt many nymphs that vow'd chaſte life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand,
The faireſt votary took up that fire,
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And ſo the general of hot deſire
Was ſleeping, by a virgin hand diſarm'd.
This brand ſhe quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diſeas'd; but I, my miſtreſs' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

That Menelaus *was the Cauſe of his own Wrongs.*

When *Menelaus* from his houſe is gone,
Poor *Helen* is afraid to lie alone;
And to allay theſe fears (lodg'd in her breaſt)
In her warm boſom ſhe receives her gueſt.
What madneſs was this, *Menelaus*, ſay?
Thou art abroad, whilſt in the houſe doth ſtay,
Under the ſelf-ſame roof, thy gueſt, and love:
Madman! unto the hawk thou truſts the dove.
And who but ſuch a gull, would give to keep
Unto the mountain-wolf, full folds of ſheep?
Helen is blameleſs, ſo is *Paris* too,
And did what thou, or I myſelf would do.
The fault is thine, I tell thee to thy face,
By limiting theſe lovers, time and place.
From thee the ſeeds of all thy wrongs are grown,
Whoſe counſels have they follow'd but thine own?
Alack! what ſhould they do? abroad thou art,
At home thou leav'ſt thy gueſt to play thy part.
To lie alone, the poor queen is afraid,
In the next room an amorous ſtranger ſtaid;
Her arms are ope t' embrace him, he falls in:
And, *Paris*, I acquit thee of the ſin.

And in another Place ſomewhat reſembling this.

Oreſtes liked, but not loved dearly
Hermione, till he had loſt her clearly.
Sad *Menelaus!* why doſt thou lament
Thy late miſhap? I prithee be content.
Thou know'ſt the amorous *Helen*, fair and ſweet;
And yet without her didſt thou ſail to *Crete*.
And thou waſt blithe, and merry all the way;
But when thou ſaw'ſt ſhe was the *Trojan*'s prey,
Then waſt thou mad for her, and for thy life,
Thou canſt not now one minute want thy wife.
So ſtout *Achilles*, when his lovely bride,
Briſeis, was diſpos'd to great *Atride*;
Nor was he vainly mov'd, *Atrides* too
Offer'd no more, than he of force muſt do:
I ſhould have done as much, to ſet her free;
Yet I (Heaven knows) am not ſo wiſe as he.

Vulcan *was* Jupiter's *Smith, an excellent Workman, on whom the Poets father many rare Works, among which I find this one.*

Mars *and* Venus.

This tale is blaz'd thro' Heaven, how once un'ware,
Venus and *Mars* were took in *Vulcan*'s ſnare.
The god of war doth in his brow diſcover
The perfect and true pattern of a lover.
Nor could the goddeſs *Venus* be ſo cruel
To deny *Mars* (ſoft kindneſs is a jewel
In any woman, and becomes her well);
In this the queen of love doth moſt excel.
(O Heaven!) how often have they mockt and flouted
The ſmith's pot-foot (whilſt nothing he miſdoubted;)
Made jeſts of him, and his begrimed trade;
And his ſmoog'd viſage, black with coal-duſt made.
Mars, tickled with loud laughter, when he ſaw
Venus like *Vulcan* limp, to halt and draw
One foot behind another, with ſweet grace,
To counterfeit his lame uneven pace.

Their meetings firſt the lovers hide with fear
From every jealous eye, and captious ear.
The god of war, and love's laſcivious dame,
In public view were full of baſhful ſhame.
But the *Sun* ſpies how this ſweet pair agree,
(O what, bright *Phœbus*, can be hid from thee?)
The *Sun* both ſees and blabs the ſight forthwith,
And in all poſt he ſpeeds to tell the ſmith.
O *Sun!* what bad examples doſt thou ſhow?
What thou in ſecret ſeeſt, muſt all men know?
For ſilence, aſk a bribe from her fair treaſure;
She'll grant thee that ſhall make thee ſwell with pleaſure.
The god, whoſe face is ſmoog'd with ſmoke and fire,
Placeth about their bed a net of wire;
So quaintly made, that it deceives the eye.
Strait (as he feigns) to *Lemnos* he muſt hie.
The lovers meet, where he the train hath ſet,
And both lie faſt catch'd in a wiry net:
He calls the gods, the lovers naked ſprall,
And cannot riſe; the queen of love ſhews all.
Mars chafes, and *Venus* weeps, neither can ſtinch;
Grappled they lie, in vain they kick and wince.
Their legs are one within another ty'd,
Their hands ſo faſt, that they can nothing hide.
Amongſt theſe high ſpectators, one by chance,
That ſaw them naked in this pitfall dance,
Thus to himſelf ſaid; If it tedious be,
Good god of war, beſtow thy place on me.

The Hiſtory how the Minotaur *was begot.*

Ida of cedars, and tall trees ſtands full,
Where fed the glory of the herd, a bull
Snow-white, ſave 'twixt his horns one ſpot there grew;
Save that one ſtain, he was of milky hue.
This fair ſteer did the heifers of the groves
Deſire to bear, as prince of all the droves.
But moſt *Paſiphae*, with adulterous breath,
Envies the wanton heifers to the death.
'Tis ſaid, that for this bull the doating laſs
Did uſe to crop young boughs, and mow freſh graſs;

Nor

Nor was the amorous *Cretan* queen afeard,
To grow a kind companion to the herd.
Thus thro' the champian ſhe is madly borne,
And a wild bull to *Minos* gives the horn.
'Tis not for bravery he can love or loath thee,
Then why, *Paſiphae*, doſt thou richly clothe thee?
Why ſhould'ſt thou thus thy face and looks prepare?
What mak'ſt thou with thy glaſs ordering thy hair?
Unleſs thy glaſs could make thee ſeem a cow;
But how can horns grow on that tender brow?
If *Minos* pleaſe thee, no adulterer ſeek thee;
Or if thy huſband *Minos* do not like thee,
But thy laſcivious thoughts are ſtill increas'd,
Deceive him with a man, not with a beaſt.
Thus by the queen the wild woods are frequented,
And leaving the king's bed, ſhe is contented
To uſe the groves, borne by the rage of mind,
Even as a ſhip with a full eaſtern wind.
Some of theſe ſtrumpet heifers the queen ſlew,
Her ſmoking altars their warm bloods imbrue;
Whilſt by the ſacrificing prieſt ſhe ſtands,
And gripes their trembling entrails in her hands.
At length, the captain of the herd beguil'd
With a cow's-ſkin, by curious art compil'd,
The longing queen obtains her full deſire,
And in her infant's form bewrays the fire.

This Minotaur, *when he came to Growth, was incloſ'd in the Labyrinth, which was made by the curious Artimaſter* Dedalus, *whoſe Tale likewiſe we thus purſue.*

When *Dedalus* the labyrinth had built,
In which t' include the queen *Paſiphae*'s guilt,
And that the time was now expired full,
T' incloſe the *Minotaur*, half man, half bull:
Kneeling, he ſays, Juſt *Minos*, end my moans,
And let my native ſoil intomb my bones:
Or if, dread ſovereign, I deſerve no grace,
Look with a piteous eye on my ſon's face;
And grant me leave, from whence we are exil'd,
Or pity me, if you deny my child.

This, and much more, he ſpeaks, but all in vain,
The king both ſon and father will detain:
Which he perceiving, ſays; Now, now, 'tis fit,
To give the world cauſe to admire my wit:
Both land and ſea are watch'd by day and night;
Nor land nor ſea lies open to our flight,
Only the air remains; then let us try
To cut a paſſage thro' the air and fly.
Jove be auſpicious in my enterprize,
I covet not to mount above the ſkies:
But make this refuge, ſince I can prepare
No means to fly my lord but thro' the air.
Make me immortal, bring me to the brim
Of the black *Stygian* water *Styx*, I'll ſwim.
Oh! human wit, thou canſt invent much ill,
Thou ſearcheſt ſtrange arts; who would think, by ſkill,
A heavy man, like a light bird, ſhould ſtray,
And thro' the empty heavens find a way?
He placeth in juſt order all his quills,
Whoſe bottoms with reſolved wax he fills;
Then binds them with a line, and b'ing faſt ty'd,
He placeth them like oars on either ſide.
The tender lad the downy feathers blew,
And what his father meant, he nothing knew.
The wax he faſten'd, with the ſtrings he play'd,
Not thinking for his ſhoulders they were made;
To whom his father ſpake (and then look'd pale)
With theſe ſwift ſhips, we to our land muſt ſail.
All paſſages doth cruel *Minos* ſtop,
Only the empty air he ſtill leaves ope.
That way muſt we; the land and the rough deep
Doth *Minos* bar, the air he cannot keep.
But in thy way, beware thou ſet no eye
On the ſign *Virgo*, nor *Bootes* high:
Look not the black *Orion* in the face,
That ſhakes his ſword, but juſt with me keep pace.
Thy wings are now in faſt'ning, follow me,
I will before thee fly; as thou ſhalt ſee
Thy father mount, or ſtoop, ſo I aread thee;
Make me thy guard, and ſafely I will lead thee.

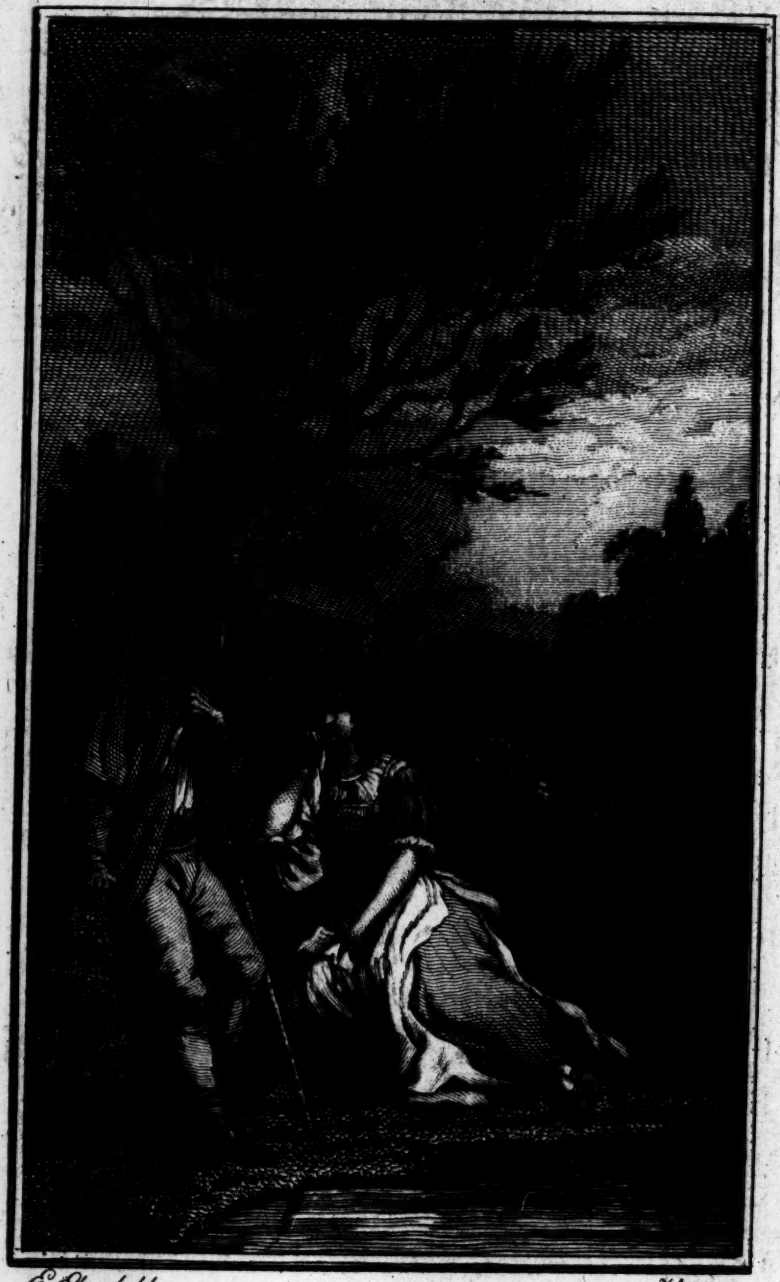
If we ſhould ſoar too near great *Phœbus*'s ſeat,
The melting wax will not endure the heat:
Or if we fly too near the humid ſeas,
Our moiſten'd wings we cannot ſhake with eaſe.
Fly between both, and with the guſts that riſe,
Let thy light body ſail amidſt the ſkies.
And ever as his little ſon he charms,
He fits the feathers to his tender arms:
And ſhews him how to move his body light,
As birds firſt teach their little young ones flight.
By this he calls to counſel all his wits,
And his own wings unto his ſhoulders fits:
Being about to riſe, he fearful quakes,
And in this new way his faint body ſhakes.
Firſt, ere he took his flight, he kiſs'd his ſon,
Whilſt by his cheeks the briniſh waters run.
There was a hillock not ſo tow'ring tall,
As lofty mountains be, nor yet ſo ſmall
To be with valleys even, and yet a hill;
From this, thus both attempt their uncouth ſkill.
The father moves his wings, and with reſpect
His eyes upon his wandering ſon reflect.
They bear a ſpacious courſe, and the apt boy,
Fearleſs of harm, in his new track doth joy,
And flies more boldly. Now upon them looks
The fiſhermen, that angle in the brooks;
And with their eyes caſt upward, frighted ſtand.
By this, is *Samos* iſle on their left hand;
Upon the right, *Lebinthos* they forſake,
Aſtipale and the fiſhy lake;
Shady *Pathine* full of woods and groves,
When the raſh youth, too bold and vent'ring, roves;
Loſeth his guide, and takes his flight ſo high,
That the ſoft wax againſt the ſun doth fry,
And the cords ſlip that kept the feathers faſt,
So that his arms have power upon no blaſt,
He fearfully from the high clouds looks down
Upon the lower heavens, whoſe curl'd waves frown
At his ambitious height, and from the ſkies
He ſees black night and death before his eyes.

Still melts the wax, his naked arms he ſhakes,
And thinking to catch hold, no hold he takes.
But now the naked lad down headlong falls,
And by the way, he Father, father, calls;
Help, father, help, I die: and as he ſpeaks,
A violent ſurge his courſe of language breaks.
Th' unhappy father (but no father now)
Cries out aloud, Son *Icarus*, where art thou?
Where art thou, *Icarus*, where doſt thou fly?
Icarus, where art? when lo, he may eſpy
The feathers ſwim; aloud he doth exclaim:
The earth his bones, the ſea ſtill bears his name.

Achilles *his Concealment of his Sex in the Court of* Lycomedes.

Now from another world doth ſail with joy,
A welcome daughter to the king of *Troy*.
The whilſt the *Grecians* are already come,
(Mov'd with that general wrong 'gainſt *Ilium*)
Achilles in a ſmock his ſex doth ſmother,
And lays the blame upon his careful mother.
What mak'ſt thou, great *Achilles*, teazing wool,
When *Pallas* in a helm ſhould claſp thy ſkull?
What do theſe fingers with fine threads of gold,
Which were more fit a warlike ſhield to hold?
Why ſhould that right hand rock or tow contain,
By which the *Trojan Hector* muſt be ſlain?
Caſt off thy looſe veils, and thy armour take,
And in thy hand the ſpear of *Pallas* ſhake.
Thus lady-like he with a lady lay,
Till what he was her belly muſt bewray;
Yet was ſhe forc'd (ſo ſhould we all believe)
Not to be forc'd ſo, now her heart would grieve.
When he ſhould riſe from her, ſtill would ſhe cry,
(For he had arm'd him, and his rock laid by)
And with a ſoft voice ſpeak: *Achilles* ſtay,
It is too ſoon to riſe, lie down I pray;
And then the man that forc'd her ſhe would kiſs:
What force (*Deidamea*) call you this?


GR
BRITISH MUSEUM



E. Edwards del. J. Hall sculp.

——Woe is me, too early I attended
a youthful Suit.

A Lover's Complaint.

From off a hill whose concave womb reworded
A plaintful story from a sist'ring vale,
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale,
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her words with sorrow's wind and rain:

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortify'd her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scithed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd thro' lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters;
Laundring the silken figures in the brine,
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears;
And often reading what contents it bears:
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometimes diverted, their poor balls are ty'd
To th' orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some untuck'd descended her shav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Tho' slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thouſand favours from a maund ſhe drew,
Of amber, cryſtal, and of beaded jet;
Which one by one ſhe in a river threw,
Upon whoſe weeping margent ſhe was ſet,
Like uſury applying wet to wet;
Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall,
Where want cries ſome, but where exceſs begs all.

Of folded ſchedules had ſhe many a one,
Which ſhe perus'd, ſigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of poſied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their ſepulchers in mud:
Found yet more letters ſadly penn'd in blood,
With ſleided ſilk, feat and affectedly
Enſwath'd and ſeal'd to curious ſecrecy.

Theſe often bath'd ſhe in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiſs'd, and often gave a tear;
Cry'd, O falſe blood! thou regiſter of lyes,
What unapproved witneſs doſt him bear!
Ink would have ſeem'd more black and damned here!
This ſaid, in top of rage the lines ſhe rents,
Big diſcontent ſo breaking their contents.

A reverend man, that graz'd his cattle nigh,
Sometime a bluſterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The ſwifteſt hours obſerved as they flew;
Towards this afflicted fancy faſtly drew:
And, privileg'd by age, deſires to know,
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So ſlides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely diſtant ſits he by her ſide;
When he again deſires her, being ſat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide;
If that from him there may be ought apply'd,
Which may her ſuffering extaſy aſſuage:
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, ſhe ſays, tho' in me you behold
The injury of many a blaſting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but ſorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a ſpreading flower,
Freſh to myſelf, if I had ſelf-apply'd
Love to myſelf, and to no love beſide.

But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful ſuit; it was to gain my grace;
O! one by nature's outwards ſo commended,
That maiden's eyes ſtuck over all his face;
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts ſhe did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deify'd.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
And every light occaſion of the wind
Upon his lips their ſilken parcels hurls.
What's ſweet to do, to do will aptly find;
Each eye that ſaw him did inchant the mind:
For on his viſage was in little drawn,
What largeneſs thinks in paradiſe was ſawn.

Small ſhew of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unſhorn velvet, on that termleſs ſkin,
Whoſe bare out-bragg'd the web it ſeem'd to wear;
Yet ſhew'd his viſage by that coſt moſt dear:
And nice affections wavering, ſtood in doubt
If beſt 'twere as it was, or beſt without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free:
Yet if men mov'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorm,
As of 'twixt *May* and *April* is to ſee,
When winds breathe ſweet, unruly tho' they be.
His rudeneſs ſo with his authoriz'd youth,
Did livery falſeneſs in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would ſay,
That horſe his mettle from his rider takes;
Proud of ſubjection, noble by the ſway,
What rounds, what bounds, what courſe, what ſtop he makes!
And controverſy hence a queſtion takes,
Whether the horſe by him became his deed,
Or he his, manag'd by th' well-doing ſteed?

But quickly on this ſide the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accompliſh'd in himſelf, not in his caſe;
All aids themſelves made fairer by their place,
Can for additions yet their purpoſe trim,
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his ſubduing tongue
All kinds of arguments and queſtions deep,
All replication prompt, and reaſon ſtrong,
For his advantage ſtill did wake and ſleep,
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different ſkill,
Catching all paſſions in his craft of will;

That he did in the general boſom reign
Of young, of old, and ſexes both inchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In perſonal duty, following where he haunted;
Conſent's bewitched, ere he deſire have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would ſay,
Aſk'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To ſerve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in th' imagination ſet
The goodly objects, which abroad they find,
Of lands and manſions, theirs in thought aſſign'd;
And labouring, in more pleaſures to beſtow them,
Than the true gouty landlord, who doth own them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly ſuppos'd them miſtreſs of his heart:
My woful ſelf, that did in freedom ſtand,
And was my own fee ſimple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reſerv'd the ſtalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as ſome my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being deſir'd, yielded:
Finding myſelf in honour ſo forbid,
With ſafeſt diſtance I my honour ſhielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this falſe jewel, and his amorous ſpoil.

But ah! however ſhunn'd by precedent
The deſtin'd ill, ſhe muſt herſelf aſſay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainſt her own content,
To put thy by-paſt perils in her way?
Counſel may ſtop awhile what will not ſtay:
For when we rage, advice is often ſeen,
By blunting us, to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it ſatisfaction to our blood,
That we muſt curb it upon others proof:
To be forbid the ſweets that ſeem ſo good,
For fear of harms, that preach in our behoof.
O appetite! from judgment ſtand aloof.
The one a palate hath, that needs will taſte,
Tho' reaſon weep, and cry, It is thy laſt.

For further I could ſay this man's untrue,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his ſmiling,
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And baſtards of his foul adult'rate heart.

And long upon theſe terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan beſiege me: Gentle maid,
Have of my ſuffering youth ſome feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid;
What's to you ſworn, to none was ever ſaid.
For feaſts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow:

All my offences, that abroad you ſee,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not, with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They ſought their ſhame, that ſo their ſhame did find,
And ſo much leſs of ſhame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have ſeen,
Not one whoſe flame my heart ſo much as warmed,
Or my affection put to the ſmalleſt teen,
Or any of my leiſures ever charmed:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd commanding in his monarchy.

Look here what tributes wounded fancy ſent me,
Of pallid pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring, that they their paſſions likewiſe lent me,
Of grief and blushes aptly underſtood;
In bloodleſs white, and the encrimſon'd mood,
Effects of terror, and dear modeſty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo! behold theſe talents of their hair,
With twiſted metal amorouſly empleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a ſeveral fair;
Their kind acceptance weepingly beſeech'd,
With th' annexions of fair gems inrich'd;
And deep-brain'd ſonnets, that did amplify
Each ſtone's dear nature, worth and quality:

The diamond! why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend:
The deep green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend:
The heaven-hued saphyr, and the ophal blend
With objects manifold; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan.

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensive and subdu'd desires, the tender;
Nature hath charg'd me, that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render:
That is, to you my origin and ender.
For these of force must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O! then advance (of yours) that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise!
Take all these smiles unto your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs, that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister for you obeys,
Works under you, and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels, incombined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctify'd, of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun;
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms doat,
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O! my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mast'ring what not strives?
Playing the place which did no form receive;
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gives!
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth, by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O! pardon me, in that my boaſt is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force ſubdue,
And now ſhe would the caged cloiſter fly;
Religious love put out religious eye:
Not to be tempted, would ſhe be immur'd;
And now to tempt, all liberty procur'd.

How mighty then are you, O hear me tell!
The broken boſoms that to me belong,
Have empty'd all their fountains in my well;
And mine I pour your ocean all among.
I ſtrong o'er them, and you o'er me being ſtrong,
Muſt for your victory us all congeſt,
As compound love to phyſic your cold breaſt.

My parts had power to charm a ſacred ſun;
Tho' diſciplin'd, I dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes, when they t' aſſail begun,
All vows and conſecrations giving place.
O! moſt potential love! vow, bond, nor ſpace,
In thee hath neither ſtring, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things elſe are thine.

When thou impreſſeth, what are precepts worth,
Of ſtale example? When thou wilt enflame,
How coldly thoſe impediments ſtand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainſt rule, 'gainſt ſenſe, 'gainſt ſhame,
And ſweetneſs in the ſuffering pang it bears,
The aloes of all forces, ſhocks, and fears.

Now all theſe hearts, that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And ſupplicant, their ſighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainſt mine,
Lending ſoft audience to my ſweet deſign;
And credent ſoul to that ſtrong bonded oath,
That ſhall prefer and undertake my troth.

This ſaid, his watry eyes he did diſmount,
Whoſe ſights, till then, were level'd on my face,
Each cheek a river running from a fount,
With briniſh current downward flow'd apace.
Oh! how the channel to the ſtream gave grace!
Who glaz'd with cryſtal gate the glowing roſes,
That flame thro' water which their hue incloſes.

Oh! father! what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the ſmall orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breaſt ſo cold, that is not warmed here?
Oh! cleft effect! cold modeſty, hot wrath!
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath.

For lo! his paſſion, but an art of craft,
Even there reſolv'd my reaſon into tears;
There my white ſtole of chaſtity I daſt,
Shook off my ſober guards, and civil fears,
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting, though our drops this difference bore,
His poiſon'd me, and mine did him reſtore.

In him a plenitude of ſubtil matter,
Apply'd to cautels, all ſtrange forms receives
Of burning bluſhes, or of weeping water,
Or ſwooning paleneſs; and he takes and leaves
In either's aptneſs, as it beſt deceives:
To bluſh at ſpeeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white, and ſwoon at tragic ſhows;

That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'ſcape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Shewing fair nature is both wild and tame:
And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim;
Againſt the thing he ſought, he wou'd exclaim;
When he moſt burnt in heart-wiſh'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chaſtity.

Thus merely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That th' unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubim above them hover'd:
Who, young and ſimple, would not be ſo lover'd?
Ah me! I fell: and yet do queſtion make,
What I ſhould do again for ſuch a ſake.

Oh! that infected moiſture of his eye!
Oh! that falſe fire which in his cheek ſo glow'd!
Oh! that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly!
Oh! that ſad breath his ſpongy lungs beſtow'd!
Oh! all that borrow'd motion, ſeeming ow'd!
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid.

The Amorous Epiſtle of Paris *to* Helen.

Health unto *Leda*'s daughter, *Priam*'s ſon
Sends in theſe lines, whoſe health cannot be won
But by your gift, in whoſe power it may lie
To make me whole or ſick; to live or die.
Shall I then ſpeak, or doth my ſhame appear
Plain without index? Oh! 'tis that I fear!
My love without diſcovering ſmile takes place,
And more than I could wiſh, ſhines in my face;
When I could rather in my thoughts deſire
To hide the ſmoke, 'till time diſplay the fire:
Time, that can make the fire of love ſhine clear,
Untroubled with the miſty ſmoke of fear.
But I diſſemble it; for who, I pray,
Can fire conceal? that will itſelf betray;
Yet if you look, I ſhould affirm that plain
In words, which in my count'nance I maintain.
I burn, I burn, my faults I have confeſs'd,
My words bear witneſs how my looks tranſgreſs'd.
Oh! pardon me, that have confeſs'd my error,
Caſt not upon my lines a look of terror;
But as your beauty is beyond compare,
Suit unto that your looks (oh! you moſt fair!)

That

That you my letter have receiv'd by this.
The ſuppoſition glads me, and I wiſh
By hope encourag'd, hope that makes me ſtrong,
You will receive me in ſome ſort ere long.
I aſk no more, than what the queen of beauty
Hath promis'd me, for you are mine by duty.
By her I claim you, you for me were made,
And ſhe it was my journey did perſuade.
Nor, lady, think your beauty vainly ſought;
I by divine inſtinct was hither brought:
And to this enterprize the heavenly powers
Have given conſent, the gods proclaim me yours.
I aim at wonders, for I covet you;
Yet pardon me, I aſk but what's my due,
Venus herſelf my journey hither led,
And gives you freely to my promis'd bed.
Under her conduct ſafe the ſeas I paſt,
Till I arriv'd upon theſe coaſts at laſt:
Shipping myſelf from the *Sycean* ſhore,
Whence unto theſe confines my courſe I bore.
She made the ſurges gentle, the winds fair;
Nor marvel whence theſe calms proceeded are:
Need muſt ſhe power upon the ſalt ſeas have,
That was ſea-born, created from a wave.
Still may ſhe ſtand in her ability,
And as ſhe made the ſeas with much facility,
To be thro'-fail'd; ſo may ſhe calm my heat,
And bear my thoughts to their deſired ſeat.
My flames I found not here; no, I proteſt,
I brought them with me cloſed in my breaſt;
Myſelf tranſported them without attorney,
Love was the motive to my tedious journey.
Not bluſt'ring winter, when he triumph'd moſt,
Nor any error drove me to this coaſt:
Not led by fortune where the rough winds pleaſe,
Nor merchant-like, for gain croſs'd I the ſeas.
Fulneſs of wealth in all my fleet I ſee,
I'm rich in all things, ſave in wanting thee.
No ſpoil of petty nations my ſhips ſeeks,
Nor land I as a ſpy among the *Greeks*.
What need we? See, of all things we have ſtore!
Compar'd with *Troy*, alas! your *Greece* is poor.

For

For thee I come, thy fame hath thus far driven me,
Whom golden *Venus* hath by promiſe given me.
I wiſh'd thee ere I knew thee, long ago,
Before theſe eyes dwelt on this glorious ſhow.
I ſaw thee in my thoughts; know, beauteous dame,
I firſt beheld you with the eyes of fame.
Nor marvel, lady, I was ſtroke ſo far.
Thus darts or arrows ſent from bows of war,
Wound a great diſtance off: ſo was I hit
With a deep ſmarting wound, that rankles yet.
For ſo it pleas'd the fates, whom left you blame,
I'll tell a true tale to confirm the ſame.

When in my mother's womb full ripe I lay,
Ready the firſt hour to behold the day,
And ſhe at point to be deliver'd ſtrait,
And to unlade her of her royal freight,
My birth-hour was delay'd, and that ſad night
A fearful viſion did the queen affright.
In a ſon's ſtead, to pleaſe the aged ſire,
She dreamt ſhe had brought forth a brand of fire.
Frighted, ſhe riſes, and to *Priam* goes:
To the old king this ominous dream ſhe ſhows;
He to the prieſt; the prieſt doth this return,
That the child born ſhall ſtately *Ilium* burn.
Better than he was 'ware, the prophet gueſs'd,
For lo! a kindled brand flames in my breaſt.
To prevent fate, a peaſant I was held,
Till my fair ſhape all other ſwains excell'd;
And gave the doubtful world aſſurance good,
Your *Paris* was deriv'd from royal blood.

Amid the *Idean* fields, there is a place
Remote, full of high trees, which hide the face
Of the green mantled earth, where in thick rows,
The oak, the elm, the pine, the pitch-tree grows.
Here never yet did browze the wanton ewe,
Nor from his plot the ſlow ox lick the dew.
The ſavage goat that feeds among the rocks,
Hath not graz'd here, nor any of their flocks.
Hence the *Dardanian* walls I might eſpy,
The lofty towers of *Ilium* reared high.

Hence

Hence I the ſeas might from the firm land ſee,
Which to behold, I lean'd me on a tree.
Believe me, for I ſpeak but what is true,
Down from the ſky, with feather'd pinions, flew
The nephew to great *Atlas*, and doth ſtand,
With golden *Caduceus* in his hand.
This, as the gods to me thought good to ſhow,
I hold it good that you the ſame ſhould know.
Three goddeſſes behind young *Hermes* move;
Great *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of *Love*;
Who as in pomp and pride of gait they paſs,
Scarce with their weight they bend the tops of graſs.
Amaz'd I ſtart, and endlong ſtands my hair,
When *Maia*'s ſon thus ſays; Abandon fear,
Thou courteous ſwain, that to theſe groves repaireſt,
And freely judge which of theſe three is faireſt.
And leſt I ſhould this curious ſentence ſhun,
He tells me by *Jove*'s ſentence all is done;
And to be judge, I no way can eſchew.
This having ſaid, up thro' the air he flew.
I ſtrait took heart-a-grace, and grew more bold;
And there their beauties one by one behold.
Why am I made the judge to give this doom?
Methinks all three are worthy to o'ercome.
To injure two ſuch beauties what tongue dare?
Or prefer one, where they be all ſo fair?
Now this ſeems faireſt, now again that other;
Now would I ſpeak, and now my thoughts I ſmother:
And yet at length the praiſe of one moſt ſounded,
And from that one my preſent love is grounded.
The goddeſſes, out of their earneſt care,
And pride of beauty to be held moſt fair,
Seek, with large alms, and gifts of wond'rous price,
To their own thoughts my cenſure to entice.
Juno the wife of *Jove* doth firſt inchant me;
To judge her faireſt, ſhe a crown will grant me.
Pallas, her daughter, next doth undertake me;
Give her the prize, and valiant ſhe will make me.
I ſtrait deviſe which can moſt pleaſure bring,
To be a valiant ſoldier, or a king.
Laſt *Venus* ſmiling, came with ſuch a grace,
As if ſhe ſway'd an empire in her face:

Let

Let not (said she) these gifts the conquest bear.
Combats and kingdoms are both fraught with fears.
I'll give thee what thou lov'st best (lovely swain)
The faireſt saint that doth on earth remain.
Shall be thine own; make thou the conquest mine.
Fair *Læda*'s faireſt daughter shall be thine.
This said, when with myself I had deviſed,
And her rich gift and beauty jointly priz'd;
Venus the victor o'er the reſt is plac'd.
Juno and *Pallas* leave the mount disgrac'd.
Mean time my fate a proſperous course had run,
And by known signs *King Priam* call'd me son.
The day of my reſtoring is kept holy
Among the saints days, conſecrated ſolely
To my remembrance, being a day of joy,
For ever in the calendars of *Troy*.

As I wiſh you, I have been wiſh'd by others;
The faireſt maids by me would have been mothers.
Of all my favours, I beſtow'd not any,
You only may enjoy the loves of many.
Nor by the daughters of great dukes and kings,
Have I alone been ſought, whoſe marriage rings
I have turn'd back; but by a ſtrain more high,
By nymphs and fairies, ſuch as never die.
No ſooner were you promis'd as my due,
But I all hated, to remember you;
Waking, I ſaw your image; if I dreamt,
Your beauteous figure ſtill appear'd to tempt,
And urge this voyage; till your face excelling,
Theſe eyes beheld my dreams were all of *Helen*.
Image how your face ſhould now incite me,
Being ſeen, that unſeen did ſo much delight me.
If I was ſcorch'd ſo far off from the fire,
How am I burnt to cinders thus much nigher!
Nor could I longer owe myſelf this treaſure,
But through the ocean I muſt ſearch my pleaſure.
The *Phrygian* hatchets to the roots are put
Of the *Idean* pines; aſunder cut,
The woodland mountain yielded me large ſees,
Being deſpoil'd of all her talleſt trees.

From

From whence we have ſquar'd out unnumber'd beams,
That muſt be waſh'd within the marine ſtreams.
The grounded oaks are bow'd, tho' ſtiff as ſteel,
And to the tough ribs is the bending keel
Woven by ſhipwrights craft; then the main maſt,
Acroſs whoſe middle is the ſail-yard plac'd,
Tackles and ſails; and next you may diſcern
Our painted gods upon the hooked ſtern:
The god that bears me on my happy way,
And is my guide, is *Cupid*. Now the day
In which the laſt ſtroke of the hammer's heard
Within our navy, in the eaſt appear'd:
And I muſt now launch forth (ſo the fates pleaſe)
To ſeek adventures in the *Ægean* ſeas.
My father and my mother move delay,
And by intreaties would inforce my ſtay;
They hang about my neck, and with their tears
Woo me, defer my journey; but their fears
Can have no power to keep me from thy ſight:
And now *Caſſandra*, full of ſad affright,
With looſe diſhevel'd trammels, madly ſkips,
Juſt in the way betwixt me and my ſhips:
O! whither wilt thou headlong run? ſhe cries;
Thou beareſt fire with thee, whoſe ſmoke up-flies
Unto the heavens (*O Jove!*) thou little feareſt
What quenchleſs flames thou thro' the water beareſt.
Caſſandra was too true a propheteſs;
Her quenchleſs flame ſhe ſpake of (I confeſs)
My hot deſires burn in my breaſt ſo faſt,
That no red furnace hotter flames can caſt.

I paſs the city-gates, my bark I board,
The favourable winds calm gales afford,
And fill my ſails: unto your land I ſteer,
For whither elſe his courſe ſhould *Paris* bear?
Your huſband entertains me as his gueſt,
And all this happ'neth by the gods behеſt.
He ſhews me all his paſtures, parks, and fields,
And every rare thing *Lacedæmon* yields.
He holds himſelf much pleaſed with my being,
And nothing hides that he eſteems worth ſeeing.

I am on fire, till I behold your face,
Of all *Achaia*'s kingdom the sole grace.
All other curious objects I defy,
Nothing but *Helen* can content mine eye.
Whom when I saw, I stood transform'd with wonder,
Senseless, as one struck dead by *Jove*'s sharp thunder.
As I revive, my eyes I roll and turn,
Whilst my flam'd thoughts with hotter fancies burn:
Even so, as I remember, look'd love's queen,
When she was last in *Phrygian Ida* seen;
Unto which place by fortune I was train'd,
Where, by my censure, she the conquest gain'd.
But had you made a fourth in that contention,
Of *Venus*' beauty there had been no mention:
Helen assuredly had borne from all
The prize of beauty, the bright golden ball.

Only of you may this your kingdom boast,
By you it is renown'd in every coast:
Rumour hath every where your beauty blaz'd:
In what remote clime is not *Helen* prais'd?
From the bright eastern sun's up-rise, inquire,
Even to his downfal, where he slakes his fire;
There lives not any of your sex that dare
Contend with you that are proclaim'd so fair.
Trust me; for truth I speak: nay, what's more true,
Too sparingly the world hath spoke of you.
Fame that hath undertook your name to blaze,
Play'd but the envious housewife in your praise.
More than report could promise, or fame blazon,
Are these divine perfections that I gaze on.
These were the same that made duke *Theseus* lavish,
Who in thy prime and nonage did thee ravish:
And worthy rape for such a worthy man!
Thrice happy ravisher! to seize thee then,
When thou wer't stript stark naked to the skin;
A sight of force to make the gods to sin.
Such is your country's guise, at festivals when
With naked ladies they mix'd naked men.
That he did steal thee from thy friends, I praise him,
And for that deed, I to the heavens will raise him.

That

That he return'd thee back, by *Jove* I wonder:
Had I been *Theseus*, he that should asunder
Have parted us, or snatch'd thee from my bed,
First from my shoulders should have par'd my head;
So rich a purchase, such a glorious prey,
Should constantly have been detain'd for aye,
Could these my strong arms possibly unclasp,
Whilst in their amorous folds they *Helen* grasp;
Neither by forc'd constraint, nor by free giving,
Could you depart that compass, and I living.
But if by rough enforce I must restore you,
Some fruits of love (which I so long have bore you)
I first would reap, and some sweet favour gain,
That all my suit were not bestow'd in vain.
Either with me you shall abide and stay,
Or for your pass your maidenhead should pay;
Or say, I spar'd you that, yet would I try
What other favour I could else come by;
All that belongs to love I would not miss,
You should not let me both to clip and kiss.

Give me your heart, fair queen, my heart you owe,
And what my resolution is, you know.
Till the last fire, my breathless body take,
The fire within my breast can never flake.
Before large kingdoms I prefer'd your face,
And *Juno*'s loves and present gifts disgrace;
To fold you in my amorous arms I chuse,
And *Pallas*' virtues scornfully refus'd;
When they with *Venus* on the hill of *Ide*,
Made me the judge their beauties to decide,
Nor do I yet repent me, having took
Beauty, and strength, and sceptre a rule forsook:
Methinks I chus'd the best (nor think it strange)
I still persist, and never mean to change.
Only that my employment be not vain,
(Oh! you more worth than any empire's gain!)
Let me intreat: lest you my birth should scorn,
Or parentage, know, I am royal born:
By marrying me, you shall not wrong your state,
Nor be a wife to one degenerate.

Search the records where we did first begin,
And you shall find the *Pleiads* of our kin:
Nay, *Jove* himself, all others to forbear,
That in our stock renowned princes were.
My father of all *Asia* reigns sole king,
Whose boundless coast scarce any feather'd wing
Can give a girdle so, a happier land,
A neighbour to the ocean cannot stand.
There in a narrow compass you may see
Cities and towers more than may numb'red be:
The houses gilt, rich temples that excel,
And you will say, I ween the great gods dwell.
You shall behold high *Ilium*'s lofty towers,
And *Troy*'s brave walls, built by no mortal powers;
But made by *Phœbus*, the great god of fire,
And by the touch of his melodious lyre.
Ask if we have people to inhabit, when
The sad earth groans to bear such troops of men.
Judge, *Helen*, likewise when you come to land,
The *Asian* women shall admiring stand,
Saluting thee with welcome, more and less,
In pressing throngs, and numbers numberless.
More, that our courts can hold of you (no fain)
You to yourself will say, Alas! how base
And poor *Achaia* is! when, with great pleasure,
You see each house contain a city's treasure.

Mistake me not, if *Sparta* do not scorn,
I hold the land blest where my love was born:
Tho' barren else, rich *Sparta Helen* bore,
And therefore I that province must adore.
Yet is your land, methinks, but lean and empty,
You worthy of a clime that flows with plenty.
Full *Troy* I prostrate, it is yours by duty;
This petty seat becomes not your rich beauty.
Attendance, preparation, curt'sy, state,
Fit such a heavenly form as you should wait
Cost, fresh variety, delicious diet,
Pleasure, contentment, and luxurious riot.
What ornaments we use, what fashions feign,
You may perceive by me and my proud train.

Thus

Thus we attire our men; but with more cost
Of gold and pearl, the rich gowns are imbost
Of our chief ladies; guess by what you see,
You may be soon induc'd to credit me.

Be tractable, fair *Sparran*, nor contemn
A *Trojan* born, deriv'd from royal stem:
He was a *Trojan*, and ally'd to *Hector*,
That waits upon *Jove*'s cup, and fills him nectar:
A *Trojan* did the fair *Aurora* wed,
And nightly slept within her roseat bed.
The goddess that ends night, and enters day,
From our fair *Trojan* coast stole him away.
Anchises was a *Trojan*, whom love's queen
(Making the trees of *Ida* a strick screen
'Twixt heaven and her) oft lay with. View me well,
I am a *Trojan* too, in *Troy* I dwell.
Thy husband *Maurus* hither bring,
Compare our shapes, our years, and every thing;
I make you judges, wrong me if you can,
You needs must say, I am the properer man.
None of my line hath turn'd the sun to blood,
And robb'd the floods of their ambrosial food.
My father grew not from the *Caucasus* rocks,
Nor shall I graft you in a bloody stock.
Priam ne'er wrong'd the guiltless soul, or further,
Made the *Myrtean* sea look red with murder:
Nor thirsteth my great grandsire in the lake
Of *Lethe*, chin-deep, yet no thirst can slake,
Nor after ripen'd apples vainly skips,
Who fly him still, and yet still touch his lips;
But what of this? if you be so deriv'd,
You, notwithstanding, are no right deprive'd:
You grace your stock, and being so divine,
Jove is of force compell'd into your line.

Oh mischief! whilst I vainly speak of this,
Your husband all unworthy of such bliss,
Enjoys you this long night, enfolds your waist,
And where he list, may boldly touch and taste.

So

So when you sat at table, many a toy
Passeth between you, my vex'd soul t' annoy.
At such high feasts I wish my enemy sit,
Where discontent attends on every bit.
I never yet was plac'd at any feast,
But oft it irk'd me that I was your guest.
That which offends me most, thy rude lord knows;
For still his arms about thy neck he throws,
Which I no sooner spy, but I grow mad,
And hate the man whose courting makes me sad.
Shall I be plain? I am ready to sink down,
When I behold him wrap you in his gown;
When you sit smiling on his amorous knee,
His fingers press where my hands itch to be.
But when he hugs you, I am forc'd to frown;
The meat I'm eating will by no means down,
But sticks half way; amidst these discontents,
I have observ'd you laugh at my laments,
And with a scornful, yet a wanton smile,
Deride my sighs and groans. Oft to beguile
My passions, and to quench my fiery rage,
By quaffing healths I've thought my flame t' allaye;
But *Bacchus'* full cups make my flames burn higher,
Add wine to love, and you add fire to fire.
To shun the sight of many a wanton feat,
Betwixt your lord and you, I shift my seat,
And turn my head; but thinking of your grace,
Love screws my head to gaze back on your face.
What were I best to do? to see you play,
Mads me, and I perforce must turn away;
And to forbear the place where you abide,
Would kill me dead, should I but start aside.
As much as lies in me, I strive to bury
The shape of love, and in mirth's spite seem merry.
But oh! the more I seek it to suppress,
The more my blabbing looks my love profess.

You know my love which I in vain should hide;
Would God it did appear to none beside!
Oh *Jove!* how often have I turn'd my cheek,
To hide th' apparent tears, that passage seek

From

From forth my eyes, and to a corner ſtept,
Leſt any man ſhould aſk wherefore I wept.
How oft have I told you piteous tales,
Of conſtant lovers, and how love prevails?
When ſuch great heed to my diſcourſe I took,
That every accent ſuited to your look.
In forged names myſelf I repreſented,
The lover ſo perplex'd and ſo tormented,
If you will know, behold I am the ſame;
Paris was meant in that true lover's name.
As often, that I might the more ſecurely,
Speak looſe immodeſt words, that ſound impurely,
That they offenceleſs might your ſweet ears touch,
I've liſpt them up, like one had drunk too much.
Once I remember, your looſe veil betray'd
Your naked ſkin, and a fair paſſage made
To my enamour'd eye: Oh! ſkin much brighter
Than ſnow, or pureſt milk, in colour whiter
Than your fair mother *Læda*, when *Jove* grac'd her,
And in the ſhape of feather'd ſwan embrac'd her.
Whilſt at this ravifhing ſight I ſtood amaz'd,
And without interruption freely gaz'd,
The wreathed handle of the bowl I graſp'd,
Fell from my hold, my ſtrengthleſs hand unclaſp'd.
A goblet at that time I held by chance,
And down it fell, for I was in a trance.
Kiſs your fair daughter, and to her I ſkip,
And ſnatch your kiſſes from your ſweet child's lip.
Sometimes I throw myſelf along, and lie,
Singing love-ſongs; and if you caſt your eye
On my effeminate geſture, I ſtill find
Some pretty cover'd ſigns to ſpeak my mind;
And then my earneſt ſuit bluntly invades
Æthra and *Climene*, your two chief maids.
But they return me anſwers full of fear,
And to my motions lend no further ear.
Oh! that you were the prize of ſome great ſtrife,
And he that wins might claim you for his wife.
Hyppomenes, with ſwift *Atlanta* ran,
And at one courſe the goal and lady won;

Even she, by whom so many suitors perish'd,
Was in the bosom of her new love cherish'd.
So *Hercules* for *Dejanira* strove,
Brake *Achelous'* horn, and gain'd his love.
Had I such liberty, such freedom granted,
My resolution never could be daunted.
Yourself should find, and all the world should see,
Helen a prize alone reserv'd for me.
There is not left me any means (most fair)
To court you now, but by intreats and prayers;
Unless (as it becomes me) you think meet,
That I should prostrate fall, and kiss your feet.
Oh! all the honour that our Latage wins,
Thou glory of the two *Tindarian* twins!
Worthy to be *Jove's* wife, in heaven to reign,
Were you not *Jove's* own daughter, of his straine.
To the *Sygean* confines I will carry thee,
And in the temple of great *Pallas*, marry thee;
Or in this island where I vent my moane,
I'll beg a tomb for my exiled bones.
My wound is not a slight raze with the arrow,
But it hath pierc'd my heart, and burne my marrow.
This prophecy my sister oft hath sounded,
That by an heavenly dart I should be wounded.
Oh! then forbear (fair *Helen!*) to oppose you
Against the gods, they say I shall not lose you.
Yield you to their behests, and you shall find
The gods to your petitions likewise kind.
A thousand things at once are in my brain,
Which that I may essentially complain,
And not in papers empty all my head,
Anon at night receive me to your bed.
Blush you at this? or lady do you fear
To violate the nuptial laws austere?
Oh! simple *Helen!* foolish I might say,
What profit reap you to be chaste I pray?
Is't possible, that you a world to win,
Should keep that face, that beauty, unbegun?
Rather you must your glorious face exchange
For one (less fair) or else not seem so strange.

Beauty

Beauty and chaſtity at variance are,
'Tis hard to find one woman chaſte and fair.
Venus will not have beauty over-aw'd,
High *Jove* himſelf ſtolen pleaſures will applaud;
And by ſuch theviſh paſtimes we may gather
How *Jove* 'gainſt wedlock's laws became your father.
He and your mother *Dione* both tranſgreſs'd,
When you were got ſhe bare a tender breaſt.
What glory can you gain love-ſweets to mother?
Or to be counted chaſter than your mother?
Profeſs ſtrict chaſtity, when with great joy,
I lead you as my bride eſpous'd through *Troy*.
Then I intreat you term your pleaſures in,
I wiſh thy *Paris* may be all thy ſin.
If *Citherea* her firm covenant keep,
Tho' I within your bolom mighty ſleep,
We ſhall not much mind, but to offend,
That we by marriage may our guilt amend.

Your huſband hath himſelf this buſineſs aided,
And (tho' not with his tongue) he hath perſuaded
By all his deeds (as much) leſt he ſhould ſtay
Our private meetings, he is far away
Of purpoſe rid unto the farthelt *Weſt*,
That he might leave his wife unto his gueſt.
No fitter time he could have found to viſit
The *Chriſtan* royal ſceptre, and to ſeize it.
Oh! ſimple, ſimple huſband! but he's gone,
And going, left you this to think upon.
Fair wife (quoth he), I pr'ythee in my place
Regard the *Trojan* prince, and do him grace.
Behold, a witneſs I againſt you ſtand,
You have been careleſs of this kind command.
Count from his firſt day's journey never ſince
Did you regard or grace the *Trojan* prince.
What think you of your huſband? that he knows
The worth and value of the face he owes?
Who (but a fool) ſuch beauty would endanger?
Or truſt it to the mercy of a ſtranger?
Then, royal queen! if neither may intreat,
My quenchleſs paſſion, nor love's raging heat

Can win yours, we are woo'd both to this crime,
Even by the fit advantage of the time.
Either to love (sweet sport) we must agree,
Or shew ourselves no better fools than he.
He took you by the hand the hour he rode,
And knowing I with you must make abode,
Brings you to me, what should I further say?
It was his mind to give you quite away.
What meant he else? then let's be blithe and jolly,
And make the best use of your husband's folly.
What should we do? your husband is far gone,
And this cold night (poor soul) you lie alone.
I want a bedfellow, (so do we either)
What lets us then, but that we lie together?
You slumbring think on me, on you I dream,
Both our desires are fervent and extreme.
Sweet, then appoint the night, why do you stay?
O night! more clearer than the brightest day.
Then I dare freely speak, protest, and swear,
And of my vows the gods shall record bear.
Then will I seal the contract, and the strife,
From that day forward we are man and wife.
Then questionless I shall so far perswade,
That you with me shall *Troy*'s rich coast invade,
And with your *Phrygian* guest at last agree,
Our potent kingdom, and rich crown to see.
But if you (blushing) fear the vulgar bruit,
That says you follow me, to me make suit,
Fear it not, *Helen*, I'll so work with fame,
I will (alone) be guilty of all blame.

Duke *Theseus* was my instance, and so were
Your brothers, lady; can I come more near,
To ensample my attempts by? *Theseus* hal'd
Helen perforce; your brothers they prevail'd
With the *Leucippian* sisters; now from these,
I'll count myself the fourth (if *Helen* please.)
Our *Trojan* navy rides upon the coast,
Rigg'd, arm'd, and mann'd, and I can proudly boast,

The

The banks are high, why do you longer ſtay?
The winds and oars are ready to make way.
You ſhall be like a high majeſtic queen,
Led thro' the *Dardan* city, and be ſeen
By millions, who your fame having commended,
Will (wond'ring) ſwear, ſome goddeſs is deſcended.
Where'er you walk the prieſts ſhall incenſe burn,
No way you ſhall your eye or body turn,
But ſacrificed beaſts the ground ſhall beat,
And bright religious fires the welkin heat.
My father, mother, brother, ſiſters, all
Ilium and *Troy* in pomp majeſtical,
Shall with rich gifts preſent you (but alas!)
Not the leaſt part (ſo far they do ſurpaſs)
Can my epiſtle ſpeak; you may behold
More than my words or writings can unfold.

Nor fear the bruit of war, or threatening ſteel,
When we are fled, to dog us at the heel;
Or that all *Græcia* will their powers unite:
Of many ravish'd, can you one recite
Whom war repurchas'd? theſe be idle fears,
Rough bluſtering *Boreas* fair *Orithea* bears
Unto the land of *Thrace*, yet *Thrace* ſtill frees,
And *Athens* fails'd no rude hoſtility.
In winged *Pegaſus* did *Jaſon* fail;
And from great *Cholcos* he *Medea* ſtale:
Yet *Theſſaly* you ſee can ſhew no ſcar
Of former wounds in the *Theſſalian* war.
He that firſt ravish'd you, in ſuch a fleet
As ours is, *Ariadne* brought from *Crete*.
Yet *Minos* and duke *Theſeus* were agreed,
About that quarrel not a breath did bleed.
Leſs is the danger (truſt me) than the fear,
That in theſe vain and idle doubts appear.
But ſay, rude war ſhould be proclaim'd at length,
Know I am valiant, and have ſinewy ſtrength.
The weapons that I uſe are apt to kill.
Aſia beſides more ſpacious fields can fill
With armed men, than *Greece*. Amongſt us are
More perfect ſoldiers, more beaſts apt for war.

Nor can thy husband *Menelaus* be
Of any high spirit and magnanimity;
Or so well prov'd in arms: for *Helen* I,
Being but a lad, have made my enemies fly,
Regain'd the prey, from out the hands of thieves,
Who had despoil'd our herds, and fat'n our beeves.
By such adventures I my name obtain'd,
(Being but a lad) the conquest I have gain'd
Of young men in their prime, who much could do;
Deiphobus, *Ilioneus* too
I have o'ercome in many sharp contentions,
Nor think these are my vain and forg'd inventions.
Or that I only hand to hand can fight,
My arrows when I please shall touch the white;
I am expert i'th' quarry and the bow,
You cannot boast your heartless husband so.
Had you the power in all things to supply me,
And should you nothing in the world deny me,
To give me such a *Hector* to my brother,
You could not, the earth bears not such another.
By him alone all *Asia* is well mann'd,
He like an enemy against *Greece* shall stand;
Oppos'd to your best fortunes, wherefore strive you,
You do not know his valour that must wive you,
Or what hid worth is in me; but at length
You will confess when you have prov'd my strength.
Thus either war shall still our steps pursue,
Or *Greece* shall fall in *Troy*'s all conquering view.
Nor would I fear for such a royal wife,
To set the universal world at strife.
To gain rich prizes, men will venture far,
The hope of purchase makes us bold in war.
If all the world about you should contend,
Your name should be eternis'd without end;
Only be bold; and fearless may we sail
Into my country, with a prosperous gale!
If the gods grant me my expected day,
It to the full shall all these covenants pay.

Helen to Paris.

No sooner came mine eye unto the sight
Of thy rude lines, but I such needs must write.
Dar'st thou (O Paris) in such heinous wise,
The laws of hospitality despise?
And being a stranger from thy country's reach,
Solicit a chaste wife to wedlock's breach?
Was it for this our free *Tænarian* port
Receiv'd thee and thy train in friendly sort?
And when great *Nereus* nothing could appease,
Gave thee safe harbour from the stormy seas?
Was it for this, our kingdom's arms spread wide
To entertain thee from the water-side?
Yet thou of foreign soil remote from hence,
A stranger, coming we scarce knew from whence,
Is perjur'd wrong the recompence of right?
Is all our friendship guerdoned with despight?
I doubt me then, when rain our coast doth carry
A friendly guest, or a fierce adversary.
Nor blame me, for if justly you consider,
And these presumptions well compare together,
So simple my complaint will not appear,
But you yourself must needs excuse my fear.
Well, hold me simple, much it matters not,
Whilst I preserve my chaste name far from spot;
For when I seem touch'd with a bashful shame,
It shews how highly I regard my fame.
When I seem sad, my countenance is not feign'd,
And when I lour, my look is unconstrain'd.
But say my brow be cloudy, my name's clear,
And reverently you shall of *Helen* hear.
No man from me adulterate spoils can win,
For to this hour I have sported with sin;
Which makes me in my heart the more to wonder,
What hope you have in time to bring me under;
Or from mine eye what comfort thou can'st gather,
To pity thee, and not despise thee rather.
Because once *Theseus* hurry'd me from hence,
And did to me a kind of violence;

Follows

Follows it therefore, I am of ſuch price,
That raviſh'd once, I ſhould be raviſh'd twice?
Was it my fault, becauſe I ſtriv'd in vain,
And wanted ſtrength his fury to reſtrain?
He flatter'd, and ſpake fair, I ſtruggled ſtill;
And what he got, was much againſt my will.
Of all his toil, he reap'd no wiſhed fruit,
For with my wrangling I withſtood his ſuit.
At length I was reſtor'd, untouch'd, and clear;
In all my *Rape*, I ſuffer'd nought ſave fear:
A few untoward kiſſes he (God wot)
Of further favours he could never boaſt;
Dry, without reliſh, by much ſtriving got,
And them with much ado, and to his coſt.
I doubt your purpoſe aims at greater bliſſes,
And hardly would alone be pleas'd with kiſſes.
Thou haſt ſome further aim, and ſeek'ſt to do
What, *Jove* defend, I ſhould conſent unto.
He bore not thy bad mind, but did reſtore me
Unblemiſh'd to the place from whence he bore me.
The youth was baſhful, and thy boldneſs lack'd,
And 'tis well known, repented his bold fact.
Theſeus repented, ſo ſhould *Paris* do,
Succeed in love and in repentance too.
Nor am I angry; who can angry be
With him that loves her? if your heart agree
With your kind words, your ſuit I could applaud,
So I were ſure your lines were void of fraud.
I caſt not theſe ſtrange doubts, or this diſpenſe,
Like one that were bereft all confidence;
Nor that I with myſelf am in diſgrace,
Or do not know the beauty of my face;
But becauſe too much truſt hath damag'd ſuch
As have believ'd men in their loves too much.
And now the general tongue of women ſaith,
Mens words are full of treaſon, void of faith.

Let others ſin, and hours of pleaſure waſte,
'Tis rare to find the ſober matron chaſte.
Why? ſay it be, that ſin prevails with fair ones,
May not my name be rank'd among the rare ones?

Becauſe

Becauſe my mother *Læda* was beguil'd,
Muſt I ſtray too, that am her eldeſt child?
I muſt confeſs my mother made a rape,
But *Jove* beguil'd her in a borrow'd ſhape:
When ſhe (poor ſoul) nor dreamt of god nor man,
He trod her like a milk-white feather'd ſwan:
She was deceiv'd by error; if I yield
To your unjuſt requeſt, nothing can ſhield
Me from reproach; I cannot plead concealing:
'Twas in her, error; 'tis in me, plain dealing.
She happily err'd; he that her honour ſpilt,
Had in himſelf full power to ſalve the guilt.
Her error happy'd me too (I confeſs)
If to be *Jove's* child, be a happineſs.

T' omit high *Jove*, of whom I ſtand in awe,
As the great grandſire to our father-in-law;
To paſs the kin I claim from *Tantalus*,
From *Pelops*, and from noble *Tindarus*;
Læda by *Jove*, in ſhape of ſwan, beguil'd,
Herſelf ſo chang'd, and by him made with child,
Proves *Jove* my father. Then you idly ſtrive,
Your name from gods and princes to derive.
What need you of old *Priam* make relation,
Laomedon, or your great *Phrygian* nation?
Say all be true; what then? He of whom moſt
To be of your alliance you ſo boaſt,
Jove (five degrees at leaſt) from you remov'd,
To be the firſt from me, is plainly prov'd.
And tho' (as I believ'd well) *Troy* may ſtand
Powerful by ſea, and full of ſtrength by land;
And no dominion to your ſtate ſuperior,
I hold our clime nothing to *Troy* inferior.
Say, you in riches paſs us, or in number
Of people, whom you boaſt your ſtreets to cumber:
Yet yours a barbarous nation is, I tell you,
And in that kind do we of *Greece* excel you.
Your rich epiſtle doth ſuch gifts preſent,
As might the goddeſſes themſelves content;
And woo them to your pleaſure; but if I
Shall paſs the bounds of ſhame, and tread awry;

If

If ever you ſhould put me to my ſhifts,
Yourſelf ſhould move me more than all your gifts.
Or if I ever ſhall tranſgreſs by ſtealth,
It ſhall be for your ſake, not for your wealth.
But as your gifts in ſcorn not ſo ſuch ſeem
Moſt precious, when the giver we eſteem.
More than your preſents it ſhall *Helen* pleaſe,
That you for her have paſt the ſtormy ſeas;
That ſhe hath cauſ'd you this, that you reſpect her,
And more than all your *Troyan* dames affect her.

But you're a wag in troth, the notes and ſigns
You make at table, on the meats and wines
I have obſerv'd, when I leaſt ſeem'd to mind them,
For at the firſt my curious eye did find them.
Sometimes (you wanton) your ſix'd eye advance
His brightneſs againſt mine, darting ſweet glances,
Out-gazing me with ſuch a fed faſt look,
That my daz'd eyes their ſplendor have forſook;
And then you ſigh, and by and by your ſtate
Your amorous arm out-ſtretch'd, the cloud to break
That next me ſtands, making excuſe to fling
Juſt in the ſelf-ſame place that his'd my lip.
How oft have I obſerv'd your finger make
Tricks and conceited ſigns, which ſtrait I take
How often doth your brow your ſmooth thoughts cloke
When, to my ſeeming, it hath almoſt ſpoke
And ſtill I fear'd my husband would have ſpy'd you,
In troth you are to blame, and I muſt chide you.
You are too manifeſt a lover (truſh)
At ſuch known ſigns I could not chuſe but bluſh;
And to myſelf I oft was forc'd to ſay,
This man at nothing ſhames. Is this (I pray)
Ought ſave the truth? Oft-times upon the board
Where *Helen* was engraven, you the word
Amo have underwrit, in new-ſpilt wine
(Good ſooth) at firſt I could not ſcan the line,
Nor underſtand your meaning. Now (alas)
Myſelf am now taught for to read and write.
Should I offend, as ſin to me is ſtrange,
Theſe blandiſhments have power chaſte thoughts to change.

Or

Or if I could be mov'd to step aside,
These would provoke me to lascivious play:
Besides, I must confess, you have a face
So admirable rare, so full of grace,
That it hath power to woo, and to make suit
Of the most bright chaste beauties to your pleasure.
Yet had I rather stainless keep my fame,
Than to a stranger hazard my good name.
Make me your instance, and forbear the fair
Of that which most doth please you, makes most spare.
The greatest virtues, of which wise men boast,
Is to abstain from that which pleaseth most.
How many gallant youths think you desire
That which you covet, scorch'd with the self-same fire?
Are all the world fools only but you wise?
Or is there none, save you, have judging eyes?
No, no, you view no more than others see,
But you are plainer and more bold with me.
You are more earnest to pursue your game;
I yield you not more knowledge but less shame.
I would to God that you had fall'n from Troy,
When my virginity and bed t'enjoy
A thousand gallant princely suitors came:
Had I beheld young *Paris*, so disdainful
Of all these thousand I had made you thief,
And *Spartan Menelaus*, to his grief,
Should to my censure have subscribed and yielded.
But now (alas!) your hopes are weakly builded:
You come good posies, pleasures foretelling,
Tardy you come, that should before have halted
What you desire, another claims as due:
As I could wish to have been espoused to you,
So let me tell you, since it is my fate,
I hold me happy in my present state.
Then cease, fair prince, an idle suit to move,
Seek not to harm her whom you seem to love.
In my contented state let me be guided,
As both my states and fortunes have provided.
Nor in so vain a quest your spirits toil,
To seek at my hands an unworthy spoil.

But see how soon poor women are deluded,
Venus herself this covenant hath concluded:
For in the *Idean* vallies you espy
Three goddesses, stripp'd naked to your eye;
And when the first had promis'd you a crown,
The second fortitude and war's renown;
The third bespake you thus; Crown, nor war's pride,
Will I bequeath, but *Helen* to thy bride.
I scarce believe, those high immortal creatures
Would to your eye expose their naked features.
Or say the first part of your tale be pure,
And meet with truth, the second's false I'm sure;
In which poor I was thought the greatest meed,
In such a high cause by the gods decreed.
I have not of my beauty such opinion,
T' imagine it preferr'd before dominion,
Or fortitude; nor can your words persuade me,
The greatest gift of all the goddess made me.
It is enough to me men praise my face,
But from the gods I merit no such grace:
Nor doth the praise, you charge me with, offend me,
If *Venus* do not enviously commend me.
But lo! I grant you, and imagine true
Your free report, claiming your praise as due,
Who would in pleasing things call fame a lyar,
But give that credit which we most desire?

That we have mov'd these doubts, be not you griev'd,
The greatest wonders are the least believ'd:
Know then, I first am pleas'd that *Venus* ought me
Such undeserved grace; next that you thought me
The greatest meed. Nor sceptre, nor war's fame,
Did you prefer before poor *Helen*'s name.
(Hard heart! 'tis time thou shouldst at last come down)
Therefore I am your valour, I your crown.
Your kindness conquers me, do what I can;
I were hard-hearted not to love this man.
Obdurate I was never, and yet coy
To favour him, whom I can ne'er enjoy.
What profits it the barren sands to plough,
And in the furrows our affections sow?

In

In the ſweet theft of *Venus* I am rude,
And know not how my huſband to delude.
Now I theſe love-lines write, my pen, I vow,
Is a new office caught, not known till now.
Happy are they that in this trade have skill;
Alas! I am a fool, and ſhall be ſtill;
And having till this hour not ſtept aſtray,
Fear in theſe ſports leſt I ſhould miſs my way.
The fear (no doubt) is greater than the blame,
I ſtand confounded, and amaz'd with ſhame;
And with the very thought of what you ſeek,
Think every eye fix'd on my guilty cheek.
Nor are theſe ſuppoſitions merely vain,
The murmuring people whiſperingly complain;
And my maid *Æthra* hath, by liſ'ning ſtily,
Brought me ſuch news, as touch'd mine honour highly,
Wherefore (dear lord) diſſemble or deſiſt;
Being over-ey'd, we cannot as we liſt
Faſhion our ſports, our loves pure harveſt gather;
But why ſhould you deſiſt? Diſſemble rather.
Sport, but in ſecret; ſpoke where none may ſee;
The greater, but not greateſt liberty
Is limited to our laſcivious play,
That *Menelaus* is far hence away.
My huſband about great affairs is poſted,
Leaving his royal gueſt ſecurely hoſted;
His buſineſs was important and material,
Being employ'd about a crown imperial.
And as he now is mounted on his ſteed,
Ready on his long journey to proceed:
Even as he queſtions to depart or ſtay,
Sweet-heart (quoth I) Oh! be not long away.
With that he reach'd me a ſweet parting kiſs,
(How loth he was to leave me, gueſs by this:)
Farewel, fair wife (ſaith he) bend all thy cares
To my domeſtic buſineſs, home-affairs;
But as the thing that I affection beſt,
Sweet wife, look well unto my *Trojan* gueſt.
It was no ſooner out, but with much pain
My itching ſpleen from laughter I reſtrain;

Which striving to keep in, and bridle still,
At length I rung forth these few words (*I will.*)
He's on his journey to the isle of *Crete*,
But think not we may therefore safely meet:
He is so absent, that as present I
Am still within his reach, his ear, his eye;
And tho' abroad, his power at home commands,
For know you not kings have long-reaching hands?
The fame for beauty you besides have given me,
Into a great exigent hath driven me,
The more your commendation fill'd his ear,
The more just cause my husband hath to fear;
Nor marvel you the king hath left me so,
Into remote and foreign climes to go,
Much confidence he dares repose in me,
My carriage, saviour, and my modesty;
My beauty he mistrusts, my heart relies on,
My face he fears, my chaste life he relies on.

To take time now when time is, you persuade me,
And with his absence you invade me,
I would but fear, nor is my mind well set,
My will would further what my fear doth let.
I have no husband here, and you no wife,
I love your shape, you mine, dear as your life.
The nights seem long to such as sleep alone,
Our letters meet to interchange our moan,
You judge me beauteous, I esteem you fair,
Under one roof we lovers lodged are.
And (let me die) but every thing consider,
Each thing persuades us we shall lie together.
Nothing we see molests us, nought we hear,
And yet my fortuned will is stack'd in fear.
I would to God, that what you ill persuade,
You could as well compel; for were made
Unwilling willings, pleasing by abus'd,
So my simplicity might be excus'd.
Injury's force is oftentimes wont to please,
To such as suffer safe in their diseases;
If what I will, you 'gainst my will should do,
I with such force could be well pleased too.

But whilst our love is young and in the bud,
Suffer his infant vigour be withstood.
A flame new kindled is as easily quench'd,
And sudden sparks in little drops are drench'd.
A traveller's love is, like himself, unlay'd,
And wanders where he walks; it is not laid
On any firmer ground; for when we alone
Think him to us the wind blows fair, he's gone.
Witness *Hypsipile* alike betray'd
Witness with her the bright *Mycenian* maid.
Nay then yourself, as you yourself have spoken,
To fair *Ormus* have your promise broken.
Since I beheld, your face hath my desire
Hath been, of *Trojan Paris* to enquire.
I know you now, in every true respect,
I'll grant you thus much then, say, you affect
Me (whom you term your own). I'll go thus far,
Do not the *Phrygian* mariners prepare
Their sails and oars, ev'n now whilst we recite
Exchange of words about the wished night.
Say that even now you were prepar'd to climb
My long-wish'd bed, just at the appointed time
The wind should alter, and blow fair for *Troy*,
You must break off, in midst of all your joy,
And leave me in the infancy of pleasure,
Amid my riches, I shall lose my treasure.
You will forsake the sweets my bed affords,
T' exchange for cabins, hatches and pitch'd boards.
Then what a fickle courtship you commence,
When, with the first wind, all your love blows hence!
But shall I follow you when you are gone,
And be the grandchild to *Laomedon*?
And *Ilium* see, whose beauty you proclaim?
I do not so despise the fruit of fame,
That she to whom I am indebt such thanks,
Should fill the earth with such adulterate pranks.
What will *Achaia*? What will *Sparta* say?
What will your *Troy* report, and *Ilia*?
What my old *Priam*, or his reverend queen?
What may your sisters, having *Helen* seen,

Or your *Dardanian* brothers deem of me?
Will they not blame my looſe inchaſtity?
Nay, how can you yourſelf faithful deem me,
And not amongſt the looſeſt dames eſteem me?
No ſtranger ſhall your *Aſian* ports come near,
But he ſhall fill your guilty ſoul with fear.
How often, angry at ſome ſmall offence,
Will you thus ſay; Adult'reſs, get thee hence?
Forgetting you yourſelf have been the chief
In my tranſgreſſion, tho' not in my grief.
Conſider what it is, forgetful lover,
To be ſin's author, and ſin's ſharp reprover.
But ere the leaſt of all theſe ills betide me,
I wiſh the earth may in her boſom hide me.

But I ſhall all your *Phrygian* wealth poſſeſs,
And more than your epiſtle can expreſs:
Gifts, woven gold, imbroidery, rich attire,
Purple and plate, or what I can deſire.
Yet give me leave, think you all this extends
To countervail the loſs of my chief friends?
Whoſe friendſhip, or whoſe age ſhall I imploy
To ſuccour me, when I am wrong'd in *Troy*?
Or whether can I, having thus miſdone,
Unto my father, or my brothers run?
As much as you to me, falſe *Jaſon* ſwore
Unto *Medea*, yet from *Æſon*'s door
He after did exile her. Now, poor heart,
Where is thy father that ſhould take thy part?
Old *Æetes* or *Calciope*? thou took'ſt
No aid from them, whom thou before forſook'ſt.
Or ſay thou didſt (alas! they cannot hear
Thy ſad complaints) yet I no ſuch thing fear;
No more *Medea* did: good hopes engage
Themſelves ſo far, they fail in their preſage.
You ſee the ſhips that in the main are toſs'd,
And many times by tempeſts wreck'd and loſt,
Had, at their launching from the haven's mouth,
A ſmooth ſea, and a calm gale from the ſouth.
Beſides, the brand your mother dreamt ſhe bare,
The night before your birth, breeds me freſh care.

It

It propheſy'd, ere many years expire,
Inflamed *Troy* muſt burn with *Greekiſh* fire.
As *Venus* favours you, becauſe ſhe gain'd
A doubtful prize by you; yet the diſdain'd
And vanquiſh'd goddeſſes, diſgrac'd ſo late,
May bear you hard; I therefore fear their hate.
Nor make no queſtion, but if I conſort you,
And for a raviſher our *Greece* report you;
War will be wag'd with *Troy*, and you ſhall rue
The ſword (alas!) your conqueſt ſhall purſue.
When *Hypodamia*, at her bridal feaſt,
Was rudely raviſh'd by her *Centaur* gueſt;
Becauſe the ſalvages the bride durſt ſeize,
War grew betwixt them and the *Lapythes*.
Or think you *Menelaus* hath no ſpleen?
Or that he hath not power to avenge his teen?
Or that old *Tyndarus* this wrong can ſmother?
Or the two famous twins, each lov'd of other?

So where your valour and rare deeds you boaſt,
And warlike ſpirits in which you triumph'd moſt;
By which you have attain'd mongſt ſoldiers grace,
None will believe you, that but ſees your face.
Your feature, and fair ſhape, is fitter far
For amorous courtſhips, than remorſleſs war.
Let rough-hew'd ſoldiers warlike dangers prove,
'Tis pity *Paris* ſhould do ought ſave love.
Hector (whom you ſo praiſe) for you may fight;
I'll find you war to ſkirmiſh every night,
Which ſhall become you better. Were I wife,
And bold withal, I might obtain the prize:
In ſuch ſweet ſingle combats, hand to hand,
'Gainſt which no woman that is wife will ſtand.
My champion I'll encounter breaſt to breaſt,
Tho' I were ſure to fall, and be o'erpreſt.

If that you private conference intreat me,
I apprehend you, and you cannot cheat me:
I know the meaning, durſt I yield thereto,
Of what you would confer, what you would do.

You

You are too forward, you too far would wade;
But yet (God knows) your harveſt's in the blade.
My tired pen ſhall here its labour end,
A guilty ſenſe in thievish lines I ſend.
Speak next when your occaſion beſt perſuades,
By *Clymene* and *Althea* my two maids.

The paſſionate Shepherd to his Love.

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures proove,
That hills and vaſleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yields.
There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers, by whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.
There will I make thee beds of roſes,
With a thouſand fragrant poſies;
A cap of flowers, and a girdle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined ſlippers for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold;
A belt of ſtraw and ivy buds,
With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds.
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.
The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight each *May* morning.
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every ſhepherd's tongue;
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And *Philomel* becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,
Thy cap, thy girdle, and thy posies;
Some break, some wither, some forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.
But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, and age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Another of the same Nature.

Come live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breathes sweetest gales.
There shall you have the beauteous pine,
The cedar, and the spreading vine,
And all the woods to be a screen,
Lest *Phœbus* kiss my summer's queen.
The seat of your disport shall be,
Over some river, in a tree;
Where silver sands and pebbles sing
Eternal ditties to the spring.
There you shall see the nymphs at play,
And how the satyrs spend the day;
The fishes gliding on the sands,
Offering their bellies to your hands;
The birds, with heavenly-tuned throats,
Possess woods echoes with sweet notes;

Which to your ſenſes will impart
A muſic to inflame the heart.
Upon the bare and leafleſs oak,
The ring-doves wooing will awake:
A colder blood than you poſſeſs
To play with me, and do no leſs?
In bowers of laurel trimly dight,
We will outwear the ſilent night,
While *Flora* buſy is to ſpread
Her richeſt treaſure on our bed.
The glow-worms ſhall on you attend,
And all their ſparkling lights ſhall lend,
All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with moſt majeſty.
Then in my arms will I incloſe
Lilies fair mixture with the roſe,
Whoſe nice perfections in love's play,
Shall tune me to the higheſt key.
Thus as we paſs the welcome night
In ſportful pleaſures and delight,
The nimble fairies on the grounds
Shall dance and ſing melodious ſounds.
If theſe may ſerve for to intice,
Your preſence to love's paradiſe,
Then come with me, and be my dear,
And we will ſtrait begin the year.

Take, O! take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights which do miſlead the morn:
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, tho' ſeal'd in vain.

Hide, O! hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that *April* wears.
But my poor heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee.

Let the bird of loweſt lay,
On the ſole *Arabian* tree,
Herald ſad, and trumpet be,
To whoſe ſound chaſte wings obey,
But thou ſhrieking harbinger,
Foul procurer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.
From this ſeſſion interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle feather'd king.
Keep the obſequy ſo ſtrict;
Let the prieſt in ſurplice white,
That defunctive muſic ken,
Be the death-divining ſwan,
Leſt the requiem lack his right.
And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy ſable gender mak'ſt,
With the breath thou giv'ſt and tak'ſt,
'Mongſt our mourners ſhalt thou go.
Here the anthem doth commence,
Love and conſtancy is dead,
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.
So they lov'd as love in twain
Had the eſſence but in one;
Two diſtincts but in none;
Number there in love was ſlain:
Hearts remote, yet not aſunder;
Diſtance, and no ſpace was ſeen
'Twixt thy turtle and his queen,
But in them it were a wonder.
So between them love did ſhine,
That the turtle ſaw his right
Flaming in the phœnix ſight,
Either was the others mine.
Property was thus appalled,
That the ſelf was not the ſame:
Single natures, double name,
Neither two nor one was called.

Reaſon in itſelf confounded,
Saw diviſion grow together,
To themſelves yet either neither,
Simple were ſo well compounded,
That it cried how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one,
Love hath reaſon, reaſon none,
If what parts can ſo remain.
Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-ſupremes and ſtars of love,
As chorus to their tragic ſcene.

Threnes.

Beauty, truth and rarity,
Grace in all ſimplicity,
Hence inclos'd, in cynders lie.
Death is now the phœnix neſt,
And the turtle's loyal breaſt
To eternity doth reſt,
Leaving no poſterity,
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chaſtity.
Truth may ſeem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not ſhe:
Truth and beauty buried be.
To this urn let thoſe repair,
That are either true or fair;
For theſe dead birds ſigh a prayer.

Why ſhould this deſart be,
For it is unpeopled? No,
Tongue I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.
Some how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age.

Some of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I *Rosalinda* write;
Teaching all that read to know,
The quintessence of every sprite,
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part,
Sad *Lucretia*'s modesty.
Thus *Rosalind* of many parts,
By heavenly synods was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prix'd.
Heaven would these gifts she should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

THE END.

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